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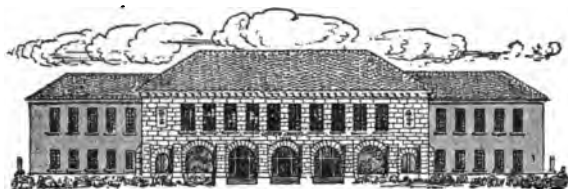


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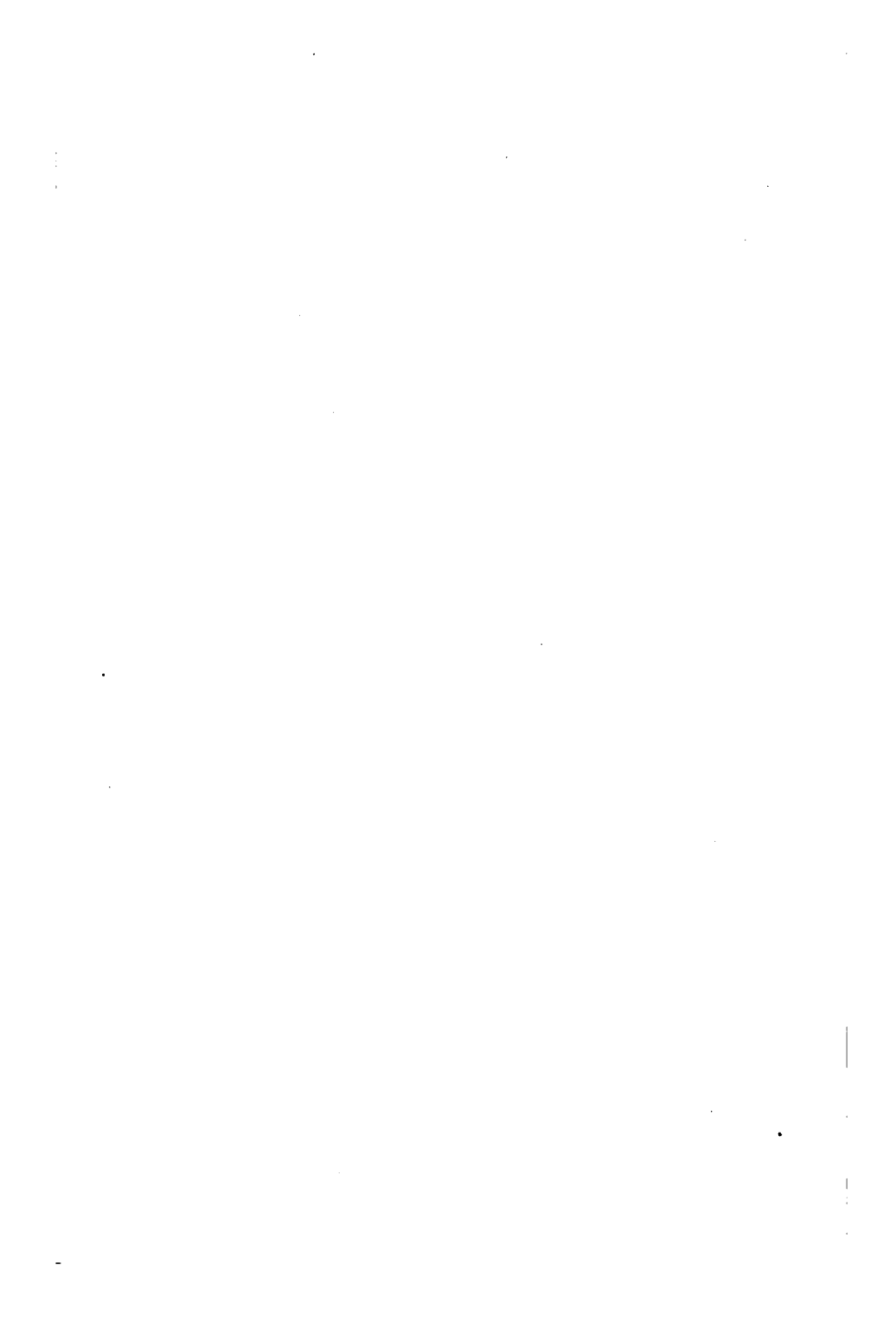
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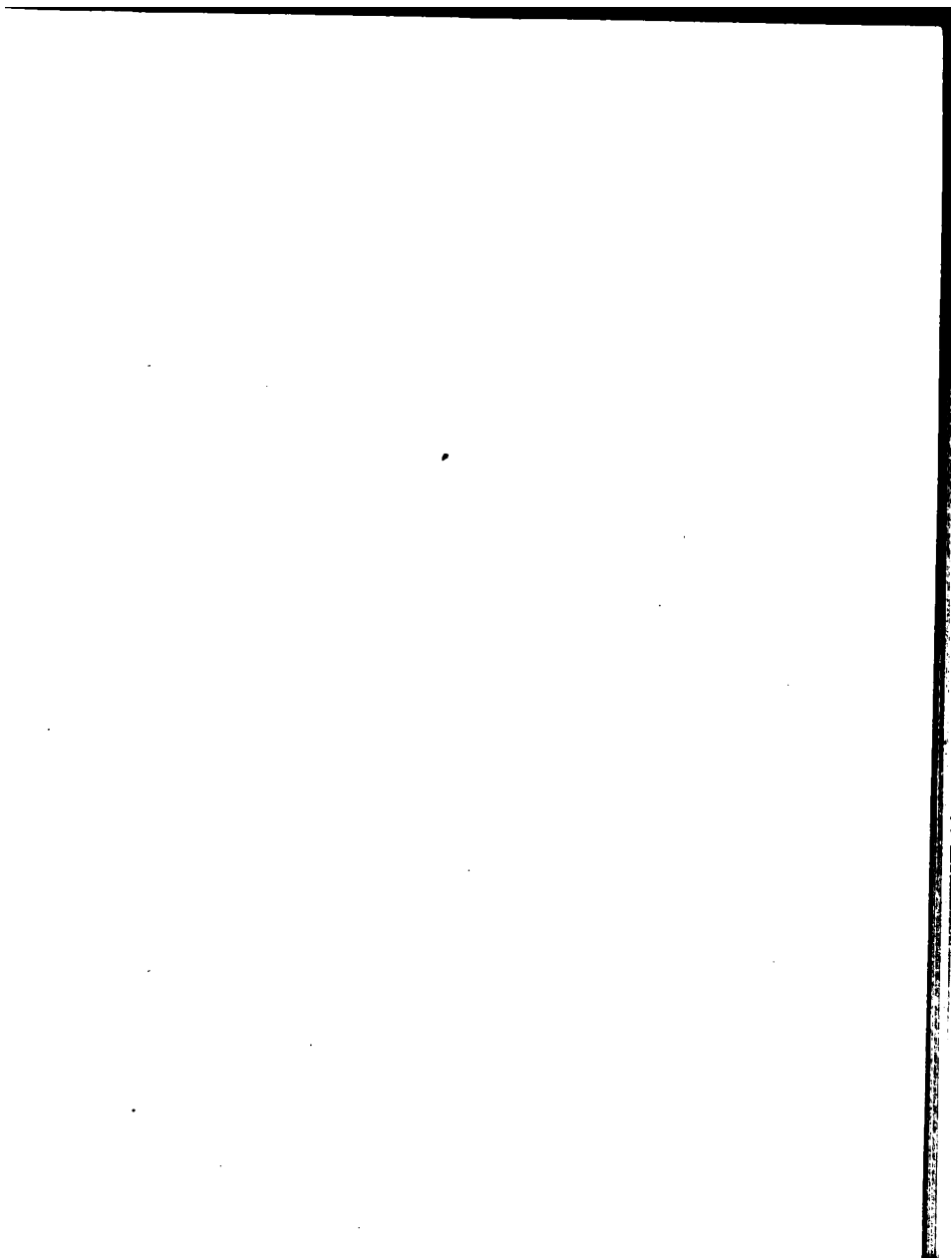
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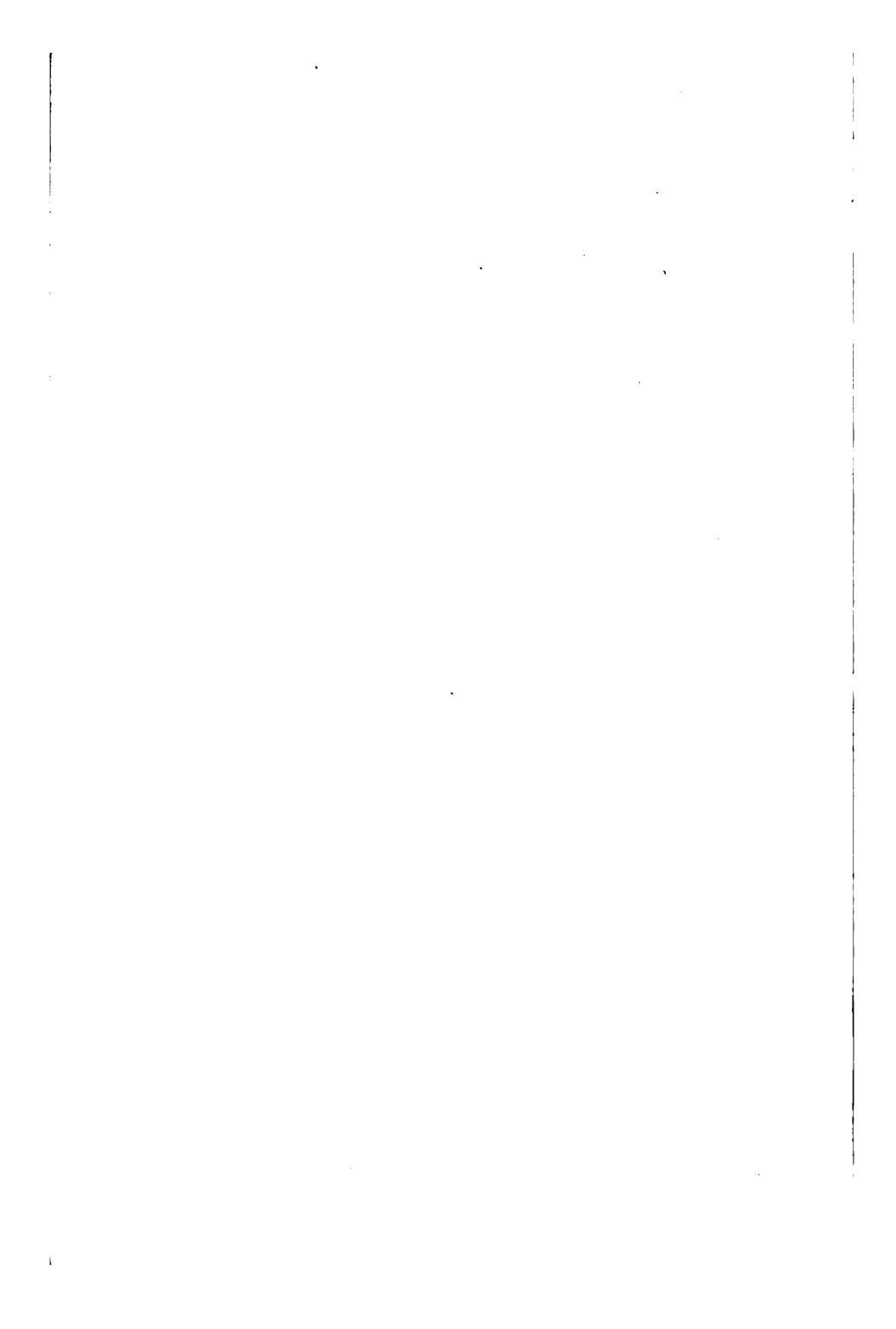
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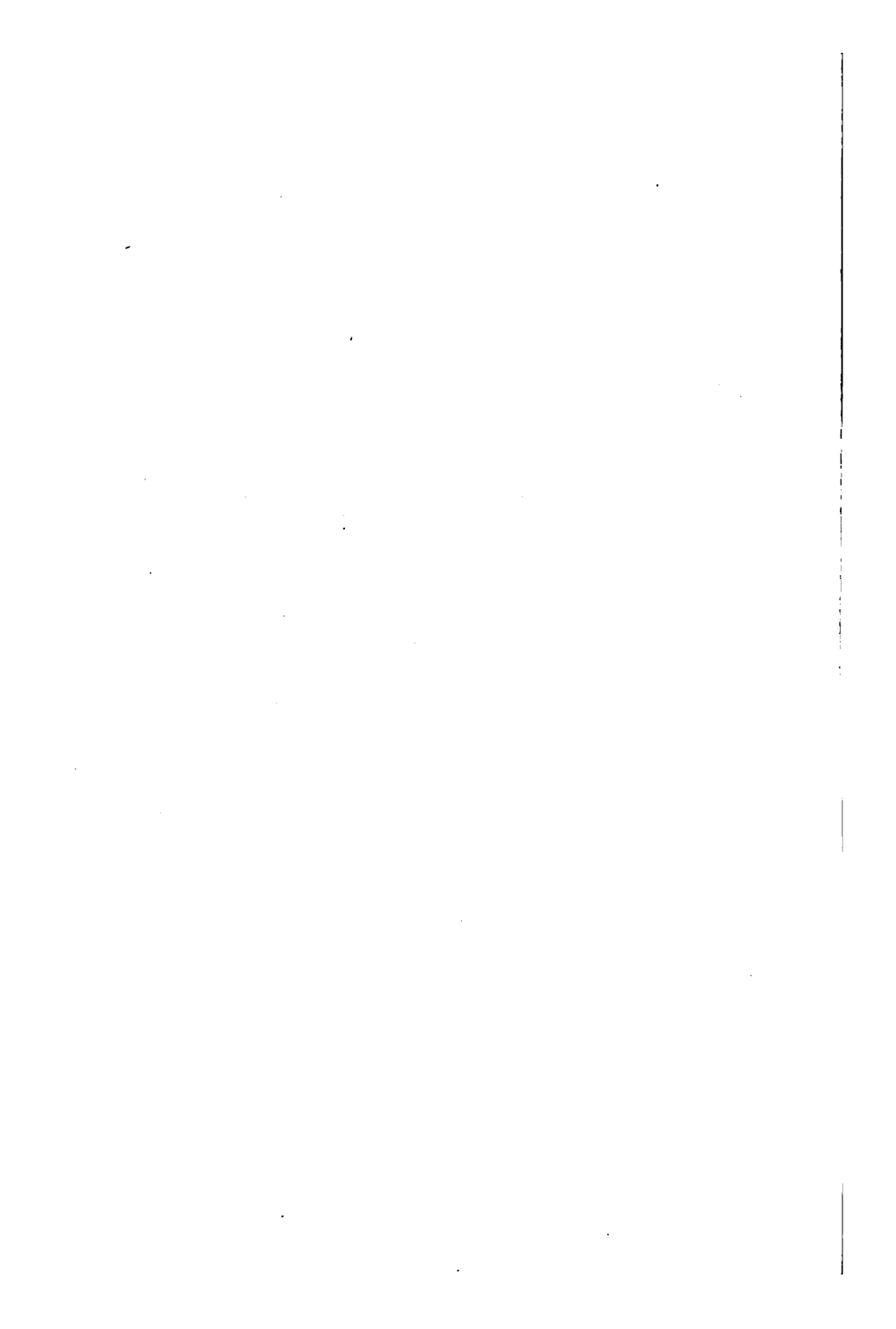
## PREFACE

MYTHS are the stories of the old heathen gods and heroes.

Nobody to-day believes in these deities of classical mythology. Yet every one, to have an ordinary education, must learn about them.

Why is it, when there are so many other things to know and to learn, that it is necessary for us all to study this old dead religion?

It is because these old stories are so beautiful in themselves that the greatest artists and writers ever since have been inspired by them and have constantly represented or referred to them in their works. If we would understand the most beautiful paintings and sculptures, the greatest literature of the world, or even the conversation of educated people, we must know our Greek gods and heroes. They have grown into the common thought of all time.



# STORIES OF CLASSIC MYTHS



Beauteous beings from the fable-land!  
Whilst your blissful worship smiled around,  
Ah, how different was it in that day!  
When the people still thy temples crowned,  
Venus Amathusia!

There, where now, as we 're by sages told,  
Whirls on high a soulless fiery ball,  
Helios guided then his car of gold,  
In his silent majesty, o'er all.  
Oreads then these heights around us filled;  
Then a dryad dwelt in yonder tree,  
From the urn of loving naiads rilled  
Silver streamlets foamingly.

Beauteous world, where art thou gone? O, thou,  
Nature's blooming youth, return once more!  
Ah, but in song's fairy region now  
Lives thy fabled trace so dear of yore!  
Cold and perished, sorrow now the plains,  
Not one godhead greets my longing sight;  
Ah, the shadow only now remains  
Of your living image bright!

*Schiller.*

(Tr. E. A. Bowring.)

## THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE



This is the story of the Fleece of Gold, and of the Golden Ram, and what he did, and where he died, and how a Dragon guarded his Fleece, and who the man was that won it, and of all that befell him on his way to find the Fleece, and on his way home. Because it is a long story, it is divided into parts. And the first part is the tale of "The Children of the Cloud."

### I

#### THE CHILDREN OF THE CLOUD

ONCE upon a time there was a king called Athamas, who reigned in a country beside the Grecian sea. Now, Athamas was a young man, and unmarried, because none of the Princesses who then lived seemed to him beauti-

ful enough to be his wife. One day he left his palace, and climbed high up into a mountain, following the course of a little river. Now, a great black rock stood on one side of the river, and made a corner, round which the water flowed deep and dark. Yet through the noise of the river, the king thought he heard laughter and voices like the voices of girls. So he climbed very quietly up the rock, and, looking over the edge, there he saw three beautiful maidens bathing in a pool, and splashing each other with the water. Their long yellow hair covered them like cloaks and floated behind them on the pool. One of them was even more beautiful than the others, and as soon as he saw her the king fell in love with her, and said to himself, "This is the wife for me."

Now, as he thought this, his arm touched a stone, which slipped from the top of the rock where he lay, and went leaping, faster and faster as it fell, till it dropped with a splash into the pool below. Then the three maidens heard it, and were frightened, thinking some one was near. So they rushed out of the pool to the grassy bank where their clothes lay, lovely soft clothes, white, and gray, and rosy-colored, all shining with pearl drops, and diamonds like

dew. In a moment they had dressed, and then it was as if they had wings, for they rose gently from the ground, and floated softly up and up the windings of the brook. Here and there among the green tops of the mountain-ash trees the king could just see the white robes shining, and disappearing, and shining again, till they rose far off like a mist, and so up, and up into the sky, and at last he only followed them with his eyes, as they floated like clouds among the other clouds across the blue. All day he watched them, and at sunset he saw them sink, golden and rose-colored, and purple, and go down into the dark with the setting sun. Now, the king went home to his palace, but he was very unhappy and nothing gave him any pleasure. All day he roamed about among the hills, and looked for the beautiful girls, but he never found them. And all night he dreamed about them, till he grew thin and pale and was like to die.

Now, the way with sick men then was that they made a pilgrimage to the temple of a god (for they were heathen people, worshiping many gods), and in the temple they offered sacrifices. Then they hoped that the god would appear to them in a dream, and tell them how they might be made well again. So the king drove in his

chariot, a long way, to the town where this temple was. And when he reached it, it was a strange place. The priests were dressed in dogs' skins, with the heads of the dogs drawn down over their faces, and there were live dogs running all about the place, for these were the favorite beasts of the god. And there was an image of him, with a dog crouched at his feet, and in his hand he held a serpent, and fed it from a bowl. So there the king sacrificed before the god, and, when night fell, he was taken into the temple, and there were many beds made up on the floor and many people lying on them, both rich and poor, hoping that the god would appear to them in a dream, and tell them how they might be healed. There the king lay, like the rest, and for long he could not close his eyes. At length he slept, and he dreamed a dream. But it was not the god of the temple that he saw in his dream; he saw a beautiful lady, and she seemed to float above him in a chariot drawn by doves, and all about her was a crowd of chattering sparrows. She was more beautiful than any woman in the world, and she smiled as she looked at the king, and said, "Oh, King Athamas, you are sick for love!

"Now this you must do: go home, and on the first night of the new moon, climb the hills to that place where you saw the Three Maidens. In the dawn they will come again to the river, and bathe in the pool. Then do you creep out of the wood, and steal the clothes of her you love, and she will not be able to fly away with the rest, and she will be your wife."

Then she smiled again, and her doves bore her away, and the king woke, and remembered the dream, and thanked the lady in his heart, for he knew she was a goddess, the Queen of Love.

Then he drove home, and did all that he had been told. On the first night of the new moon, when she shines like a thin gold thread in the sky, he left his palace, and climbed up through the hills, and hid in the wood by the edge of the pool. When the dawn began to shine silvery, he heard voices, and saw the three girls come floating through the trees, and alight on the river bank, and undress, and run into the water. There they bathed, and splashed each other with the water, laughing in their play.

Then he stole to the grassy bank, and seized the clothes of the most beautiful of the three; and they heard him move, and rushed out to their

clothes. Two of them were clad in a moment, and floated away through the glen, but the third crouched sobbing and weeping under the thick cloak of her yellow hair. Then she prayed the king to give her back her soft gray and rose-colored raiment, but he would not, till she had promised to be his wife. And he told her how long he had loved her, and how the goddess had sent him to be her husband, and at last she promised, and took his hand, and in her shining robes went down the hill with him to the palace. But he felt as if he walked on the air, and she scarcely seemed to touch the ground with her feet. And she told him that her name was Nephelê, which meant "a cloud," in their language, and that she was one of the Cloud Fairies that bring the rain, and live on the hilltops, and in the high lakes, and water springs, and in the sky.

So they were married, and lived very happily, and had two children, a boy named Phrixus and a daughter named Hellê. And the two children had a beautiful pet, a Ram with a fleece all of gold, which was given them by a young god called Hermes, a beautiful god, with wings on his shoon,—for these were the very Shoon of Swift-ness, that he lent afterwards, as perhaps you have

read or heard, to the boy, Perseus, who slew the monster, and took the Terrible Head. This Ram the children used to play with, and they would ride on his back, and roll about with him on the flowery meadows.

Now they would all have been happy, but for one thing. When there were clouds in the sky, and when there was rain, then their mother, Nephelê, was always with them; but when the summer days were hot and cloudless, then she went away, they did not know where. The long dry days made her grow pale and thin, and, at last, she would vanish altogether, and never come again, till the sky grew soft and gray with rain.

Now King Athamas grew weary of this, for often his wife would be long away. Besides there was a very beautiful girl called Ino, a dark girl, who had come in a ship of merchantmen from a far-off country, and had stayed in the city of the king when her friends sailed from Greece. The king saw her, and often she would be at the palace, playing with the children when their mother had disappeared with the Clouds, her sisters. Now Ino was a witch, and one day she put some drugs into the king's wine, and when he had



drunk it, he quite forgot Nephelê, his wife, and fell in love with Ino. And at last he married her, and they had two children, a boy and a girl, and Ino wore the crown, and was queen. And she gave orders that Nephelê should never be allowed to enter the palace any more. So Phrixus and Hellê never saw their mother, and they were dressed in ragged old skins of deer, and were ill fed, and were set to do hard work in the house, while the children of Ino wore gold crowns in their hair, and were dressed in fine raiment, and had the best of everything.

One day Phrixus and Hellê were in the field, herding the sheep, for now they were treated like peasant children, and had to work for their bread. And there they met an old woman, all wrinkled, and poorly clothed, and they took pity on her, and brought her home with them. Now Ino saw her, and as she wanted a nurse for her children, she took her in to be the nurse, and the old woman took care of the children, and lived in the house. And she was kind to Phrixus and Hellê. But neither of them knew that she was their own mother, Nephelê, who had disguised herself as an old woman and a servant, that she might be with her children. And Phrixus and Hellê grew

"AND THERE THEY MET AN OLD WOMAN, AND TOOK PITY ON HER, AND  
BROUGHT HER HOME WITH THEM."



strong, and tall, and more beautiful than Ino's children, so she hated them, and determined, at last, to kill them. They all slept at night in one room, but Ino's children had gold crowns in their hair, and beautiful coverlets on their beds. Now, one night, Phrixus was half awake, and he heard the old nurse come, in the dark, and put something on his head, and on his sister's, and change their coverlets. But he was so drowsy that he half thought it was a dream, and he lay, and fell asleep. But, in the dead of night, the wicked stepmother, Ino, crept into the room with a dagger in her hand. And she stole up to the bed of Phrixus, and felt his hair, and his coverlet. Then she went softly to the bed of Hellê, and felt her coverlet, and her hair, with the gold crown on it. So she supposed these to be her own children, and she kissed them in the dark, and went to the beds of the other two children. She felt their heads, and they had no crowns on, so she killed them, thinking they were Phrixus and Hellê. Then she crept down-stairs, and went back to bed.

Now, in the morning, there were the stepmother Ino's children cold and dead, and nobody knew who had killed them. Only the wicked queen

knew, and she, of course, would not tell of herself, but if she hated Phrixus and Hellê before, now she hated them a hundred times worse than ever. But the old nurse was gone, nobody ever saw her there again, and everybody but the queen thought that *she* had killed the two children. Everywhere the king sought for her, but he never found her, for she had gone back to her sisters, the Clouds.

And the Clouds were gone, too! For six long months, from winter to harvest time, the rain never fell. The country was burned up, the trees grew black and dry, there was no water in the streams, the corn turned yellow and died before it was come into the ear. The people were starving, the cattle and sheep were perishing, for there was no grass. And every day the sun rose hot and red, and went blazing through a sky without a cloud.

Then the wicked stepmother, Ino, saw her chance. The king sent messengers to consult a prophetess, and to find out what should be done to bring back the clouds and the rain. Then Ino took the messengers, and gave them gold, and threatened also to kill them, if they did not bring the message she wished from the prophetess.

Now this message was that Phrixus and Hellê must be burned as a sacrifice to the gods.

So the messengers went, and came back dressed in mourning. And when they were brought before the king, at first they would tell him nothing. But he commanded them to speak, and then they told him what Ino had bidden them to say, that Phrixus and Hellê must be offered as a sacrifice to appease the gods.

The king was very sorrowful at this news, but he could not disobey the gods. So poor Phrixus and Hellê were wreathed with flowers, as sheep used to be when they were led to be sacrificed, and they were taken to the altar, all the people following and weeping. And the Golden Ram went between them, as they walked to the temple. Then they came within sight of the sea, which lay beneath the cliff where the temple stood, all glittering in the sun, and the happy white sea-birds flying over it.

Then the Ram stopped, and suddenly he spoke to Phrixus, and said: "Lay hold of my horn, and get on my back, and let Hellê climb up behind you, and I will carry you far away!"

Then Phrixus took hold of the Ram's horn, and Hellê mounted behind him, and grasped its

golden fleece, and suddenly the Ram rose in the air, and flew above the people's heads, far away over the sea.

Far away to eastward he flew, and deep below them they saw the sea, and the islands, and the white towers and temples, and the fields, and ships. Eastward always he went, toward the sun-rising, and Hellê grew dizzy and weary. And finally a kind of sleep came over her, and she let go her hold of the Fleece, and fell from the Ram's back, down and down. She fell into the narrow seas, at last, that run between Europe and Asia, and there she was drowned. And that strait is called Hellê's Ford, or Hellespont, to this day. But Phrixus and the Ram flew on up the narrow seas, and over the great sea which the Greeks called the Euxine, till they reached a country called Colchis. There the Ram alighted, so tired and so weary that he died, and Phrixus had his beautiful Golden Fleece stripped off, and hung on an oak tree in a dark wood. And there it was guarded by a monstrous Dragon, so that nobody dared to go near it. And Phrixus married the king's daughter, and lived long, till he died also, and a king called Æêtes ruled that country. Of all the things he had, the rarest was the Golden

Fleece, and it became a proverb that nobody could take that Fleece away, nor deceive the Dragon who guarded it. The next part will tell who took the Fleece back to the Grecian land, and how he achieved this adventure.

## II

### THE SEARCH FOR THE FLEECE

SOME years after the Golden Ram died in Colchis, far across the sea, a certain king reigned in Greece, and his name was Pelias. He was not the rightful king, for he had turned his brother from the throne, and taken it for himself. Now, this brother had a son, a boy called Jason, and he sent him far away from Pelias, up into the mountains. In these hills there was a great cave, and in that cave lived Chiron who was half a horse. He had the head and breast of a man, but a horse's body and legs. He was famed for knowing more about everything than any one else in all Greece. He knew about the stars, and the plants of earth, which were good for medicine, and which were poisonous. He

was the best archer with the bow, and the best player of the harp, he knew most songs and stories of old times, for he was the last of a people half-horse and half-man, who had dwelt in ancient times on the hills. Therefore, the kings in Greece sent their sons to him to be taught shooting, singing, and telling the truth; and that was all the teaching they had then, except that they learned to hunt, and fish, and fight, and throw spears, and toss the hammer, and the stone. There Jason lived with Chiron and the boys in the cave, and many of the boys became famous. There was Orpheus, who played the harp so sweetly that wild beasts followed his minstrelsy, and even the trees danced after him, and settled where he stopped playing; and there was Mopsus, who could understand what the birds say to each other; and there was Butes, the handsomest of men; and Tiphys, the best steersman of a ship; and Castor, with his brother Polydeuces, the boxer; and Heracles, the strongest man in the whole world, was there; and Lynceus, whom they called Keen-eye, because he could see so far, and he could see the dead men in their graves under the earth; and there was Euphemus, so swift and light-footed that he



could run upon the gray sea, and never wet his feet; and there were Calais and Zetes, the two sons of the North Wind, with golden wings upon their feet; and many others were there whose names it would take too long to tell. They all grew up together in the hills, good friends, healthy, and brave, and strong. And they all went out to their own homes at last; but Jason had no home to go to, for his uncle, Pelias, had taken it, and his father was a wanderer.

So at last he wearied of being alone, and he said good-by to his old teacher, and went down through the hills toward Iolcos, his father's old home, where his wicked uncle, Pelias, was reigning. As he went, he came to a great, flooded river, running red from bank to bank, rolling the round boulders along. And there on the bank was an old woman sitting.

"Cannot you cross, mother?" said Jason; and she said she could not, but must wait till the flood fell, for there was no bridge.

"I'll carry you across," said Jason, "if you will let me carry you."

So she thanked him, and said it was a kind deed, for she was longing to reach the cottage where her little grandson lay sick.



JASON LEAVING CHIRON'S CAVE

Then he knelt down, and she climbed upon his back, and he used his spear for a staff, and stepped into the river. It was deeper than he thought, and stronger, but at last he staggered out on the further bank, far below where he went in. And then he set the old woman down.

"Bless you, my lad, for a strong man and a brave!" she said, "and my blessing will go with you to the world's end."

Then he looked, and she was gone he did not know where, for she was the greatest of the goddesses, Hera, the wife of Zeus, who had taken the shape of an old woman.

Then Jason went down limping to the city, for he had lost one shoe in the flood. And when he reached the town he went straight up to the palace, and through the court, and into the open door, and up the hall, where the king was sitting at his table, among his men. There Jason stood, leaning on the spear.

When the king saw him, he turned white with terror. For he had been told that a man with only one shoe would come some day, and take away his kingdom. And there was the half-shod man of whom the prophecy had spoken.

But he still remembered to be courteous, and he





"JASON ANSWERED: 'I AM JASON, YOUR OWN BROTHER'S SON, AND I AM COME  
TO TAKE BACK MY KINGDOM.'"

bade his men lead the stranger to the baths, and there the attendants bathed him, pouring hot water over him. And they anointed his head with oil, and clothed him in new raiment, and brought him back to the hall, and set him down at a table beside the king, and gave him meat and drink.

When he had eaten and was refreshed, the king said: "Now it is time to ask the stranger who he is, and who his parents are, and whence he comes to Iolcos?"

And Jason answered: "I am Jason, Æon's son, your own brother's son, and I am come to take back my kingdom."

The king grew pale again, but he was cunning, and he leaped up, and embraced the lad, and made much of him, and had a gold circlet twisted in his hair. Then he said he was old, and weary of judging the people. "And weary work it is," he said, "and no joy therewith shall any king have. For there is a curse on the country, that shall not be taken away, till the Fleece of Gold is brought home, from the land of the world's end."

When Jason heard that, he cried, "I shall take the curse away, for I shall bring the Fleece of Gold from the land of the world's end, before I sit on the throne of my father."

Now this was the very thing that the king wished, for he thought that if once Jason went after the Fleece certainly he would never come back living to Iolcos. So he said that it could never be done, for the land was far away across the sea, so far that the birds could not come and go in one year, so great a sea was that and perilous. Also there was a dragon that guarded the Fleece of Gold, and no man could face it and live.

But the idea of fighting a dragon was itself a temptation to Jason, and he made a great vow by the water of Styx, an oath the very gods feared to break, that certainly he would bring home that Fleece to Iolcos. And he sent out messengers all over Greece, to all his old friends, and bade them come and help him, for that there was a dragon to kill, and that there would be fighting. And they all came, driving in their chariots down dales and across hills: Heracles the strong man, with the bow that none other could bend, and Orpheus with his harp, and Castor and Polydeuces, and Zetes and Calais of the golden wings, and Tiphys, the steersman, and young Hylas, still a boy, and as fair as a girl, who always went with Heracles the strong. These came, and many more, and they set shipbuilders to work, and oaks were

felled for beams, and ashes for oars, and spears were made, and arrows feathered, and swords sharpened. But in the prow of the ship they placed a bough of an oak-tree from the forest of Dodona, where the trees can speak. And that bough spoke, and prophesied things to come. And they called the ship "Argo," and they launched her, and put bread, and meat, and wine on board, and hung their shields with their crests outside the bulwarks. Then they said good-by to their friends, went aboard, sat down at the oars, set sail, and so away eastward to Colchis, in the land of the world's end.

All day they rowed, and at night they beached the ship, as was then the custom, for they did not sail at night, and they went on shore, and took supper, and slept, and next day to the sea again. And old Chiron, the man-horse, saw the swift ship from his mountain heights, and ran down to the beach; there he stood with the waves of the gray sea breaking over his feet, waving with his mighty hands, and wishing his boys a safe return. And his wife held in her arms the little son of one of the ship's company, Achilles, the son of Peleus of the Spear, and of the goddess of the Sea Foam. So they rowed ever eastward,



and ere long they came to a strange isle where dwelt men with six hands apiece, unruly giants. And these giants lay in wait for them on cliffs above the river's mouth where the ship was moored, and before the dawn they rolled down great rocks on the crew. But Heracles drew his huge bow, the bow for which he slew Eurytus, king of Œchalia, and wherever a giant showed hand or shoulder above the cliff, he pinned him through with an arrow, till all were slain. And after that they still held eastward, passing many islands, and towns of men, till they reached Mysia, and the Asian shore. Here they landed, with bad luck. For while they were cutting reeds and grass to strew their beds on the sands, young Hylas, beautiful Hylas, went off with a pitcher in his hand to draw water. He came to a beautiful spring, a deep, clear, green pool, and there the water-fairies lived, whom men called Nereids. There were Eunis, and Nycheia with her April eyes, and when they saw the beautiful Hylas, they longed to have him always with them, to live in the crystal caves beneath the water. For they had never seen any one so beautiful. And as he stooped with his pitcher and dipped it to the stream, they caught him softly in their arms, and



CHIRON'S FAREWELL TO THE ARGONAUTS

drew him down below, and no man ever saw him any more, but he dwelt with the water-fairies.

And Heracles the strong, who loved him like a younger brother, wandered all over the country, crying, *Hylas! Hylas!* and the boy's voice answered so faintly from below the stream that Heracles never heard him. So he roamed alone in the forests, and the rest of the crew thought he was lost.

Then the sons of the North Wind were angry, and bade set sail without him, and sail they did, leaving the strong man behind. Long afterward, when the Fleece was won, Heracles met the sons of the North Wind, and slew them with his arrows. And he buried them, and set a great stone on each grave, and one of these is ever stirred, and shakes when the North Wind blows. There they lie, and their golden wings are at rest.

Still they sped on, with a west wind blowing, and they came to a country of Giants. Their king was strong, and thought himself the best boxer then living, so he came down to the ship, and challenged any one of that crew: and Polydeuces, the boxer, took up the challenge. So the rest, and the people of the country, made a ring, and Polydeuces and the Giant stepped into

the midst, and put up their hands. First they moved round each other cautiously, watching for a chance, and then, as the sun shone forth in the Giant's face, Polydeuces leaped in, and struck him between the eyes with his left hand, and, strong as he was, the Giant staggered and fell. Then his friends picked him up, and sponged his face with water, and all the crew of Argo shouted with joy. He was soon on his feet again, and rushed at Polydeuces, hitting out so hard that he would have killed him if the blow had gone home. But Polydeuces just moved his head a little on one side, and the blow went by, and, as the Giant slipped, Polydeuces planted one in his mouth, and another beneath his ear, and was away before the Giant could recover. There they stood, breathing heavily, and glaring at each other, till the Giant made another rush, but Polydeuces avoided him, and struck him several blows quickly in the eyes, and now the Giant was almost blind. So Polydeuces at once ended the combat by a right-hand blow on the temple. The Giant fell, and lay as if he were dead. When he came to himself again, he had no heart to go on, for his knees shook, and he could hardly see. So Polydeuces made him swear never to challenge strangers

again as long as he lived, and then the crew of "Argo" crowned Polydeuces with a wreath of poplar leaves, and they took supper, and Orpheus sang to them, and they slept, and next day they came to the country of the unhappiest of men.

His name was Phineus and he was a prophet; but, when he came to meet Jason and his company, he seemed more like the ghost of a beggar than a crowned king. For he was blind, and very old, and he wandered like a dream, leaning on a staff, and feeling the wall with his hand. His limbs all trembled, he was but a thing of skin and bone, and all foul and filthy to see. At last he reached the doorway and sat down, with his purple cloak fallen round him, and he held up his skinny hands, and welcomed Jason, for, being a prophet, he knew that now he should be delivered from his wretchedness. Now he lived, or rather lingered, in all this misery, because he had offended the gods, and had told men what things were to happen in the future beyond what the gods desired that men should know. So they blinded him, and they sent against him hideous monsters with wings and crooked claws, called harpies, which fell upon him at his meat, and carried it away before he could put it to his mouth.

Sometimes they flew off with all the meat; sometimes they left a little, that he might not quite starve, and die, and be at peace, but might live in misery. Yet, even what they left they made so foul, and of such evil savor, that even a starving man could scarcely take it within his lips. Thus, this king was the most miserable of all men living.

So he welcomed the heroes, and, above all, Zetes and Calais, the sons of the North Wind, for they, he knew, would help him. And they all went into the wretched naked hall, and sat down at the tables, and the servants brought meat and drink, and placed it before them, the latest and last supper of the harpies. Then down on the meat swooped the harpies, like lightning or wind, with clanging brazen wings, and iron claws, and the smell of a battle-field where men lie dead; down they swooped, and flew shrieking away with the food. But the two sons of the North Wind drew their short swords, and rose in the air on their golden wings, and followed where the harpies fled, over many a sea and many a land, till they came to a distant isle, and there they slew the harpies with their swords. And that isle was called "Turn Again,"

for there the sons of the North Wind turned, and it was late in the night when they came back to the hall of Phineus, and to their companions.

Now, Phineus was telling Jason and his company how they might win their way to Colchis and the world's end, and the wood of the Fleece of Gold. First, he said, you shall come in your ship to the Rocks Wandering, for these rocks wander like living things in the sea, and no ship has ever sailed between them. For they open, like a great mouth, to let ships pass, and when she is between their lips they clash again, and crush her in their iron jaws. By this way even winged things may never pass; nay, not even the doves that bear ambrosia to Father Zeus, the lord of Olympus, but the rocks ever catch one even of these. So, when you come near them, you must let loose a dove from the ship, and let her go before you to try the way. And if she flies safely between the rocks from one sea to the other sea, then row with all your might when the rocks open again. But if the rocks close on the bird, then return, and do not try the adventure. But, if you win safely through, then hold right on to the mouth of the River Phasis, and there you shall see the towers

of Æetes, the king, and the grove of the Fleece of Gold. And then do as well as you may.

So they thanked him, and next morning they set sail, till they came to a place where high rocks narrowed the sea to the breadth of a river, and the stream ran swift, and the waves roared beneath the rocks, and the wet cliffs bellowed. Then Euphemus took the dove in his hands, and set it free, and she flew straight at the pass where the rocks met, and sped right through, and the rocks gnashed like gnashing teeth, but they caught only a feather from her tail. Then slowly the rocks opened again, like a wild beast's mouth that opens, and Tiphys, the helmsman, shouted, "Row on, hard all!" and he held the ship straight for the pass. And she leaped at the stroke, and the oars bent like bows in the hands of the men. Three strokes they pulled, and at each the ship leaped, and now they were within the black jaws of the rocks, the water boiling round them, and so dark it was that they could see the stars. But the oarsmen could not see the daylight behind them, and the steersman could not see the daylight in front. Then the great tide rushed in between the rocks like a rushing river, and lifted the ship as if it were lifted by a hand,



and through the strait she passed like a bird, and the rocks clashed, and only broke the carved wood of the ship's stern. And the ship reeled in the seething sea beyond, and all the men of Jason bowed their heads over their oars, half dead with that fierce rowing.

Then they set all sail, and the ship sped merrily on, past the shores of the inner sea, past bays and towns, and river mouths, and round green hills, the tombs of men slain long ago. And, behold, on the top of one mound stood a tall man, clad in rusty armor, and with a broken sword in his hand, and on his head a helmet with a blood-red crest. And thrice he waved his hand, and thrice he shouted aloud, and was no more seen, for this was the Ghost of Sthenelus, Actæon's son, whom an arrow had slain there long since, and he had come forth from his tomb to see men of his own blood, and to greet Jason and his company. So they anchored there, and slew sheep in sacrifice, and poured blood and wine on the grave of Sthenelus. And there Orpheus left a harp, that the wind might sing in the chords, and make music to Sthenelus below the earth.

Then they sailed on, and at evening they saw above their heads the snowy crests of Mount

Caucasus, flushed in the sunset; and high in the air they saw, as it were, a black speck that grew greater and greater, and fluttered black wings, and then fell sheer down like a stone. And then they heard a dreadful cry from a valley of the mountain, for there Prometheus was fastened to the rock, and the eagles fed upon him, because he stole fire from the gods, and gave it to men. And the heroes shuddered when they heard his cry; but not long after Heracles came that way, and he slew the eagles with his bow, and set Prometheus free.

But at nightfall they came into the wide mouth of the River Phasis, that flows through the land of the world's end, and they saw the lights burning in the palace of Æetes the king. So now they were come to the last stage of their journey, and there they slept, and dreamed of the Fleece of Gold.

### III

#### THE WINNING OF THE FLEECE

NEXT morning the heroes awoke, and left the ship moored in the river's mouth, hidden by tall

reeds, for they took down the mast, lest it should be seen. Then they walked toward the city of Colchis, and they passed through a strange and horrible wood. Dead men, bound together with cords, were hanging from the branches, for the Colchis people buried women, but hung dead men from the branches of trees. Then they came to the palace, where King Æetes lived, with his young son Absyrtus, and his daughter Chalciope, who had been the wife of Phrixus, and his younger daughter, Medea, who was a witch, and the priestess of Brimo—a dreadful goddess. Now, Chalciope came out and she welcomed Jason, for she knew the heroes were of her dear husband's country. And beautiful Medea, the dark witch-girl, saw Jason, and as soon as she saw him she loved him more than her father and her brother and all her father's house. For his bearing was gallant, and his armor golden, and long yellow hair fell over his shoulders, and over the leopard skin that he wore above his armor. And she turned white and then red, and cast down her eyes, but Chalciope took the heroes to the baths, and gave them food. Then Æetes asked them why they came, and they told him that they desired the Fleece of Gold. Then he

was very angry, and told them that only to a better man than himself would he give up that Fleece. If any wished to prove himself worthy of it he must tame two bulls which breathed flame from their nostrils, and must plow four acres with these bulls. And then he must sow the field with the teeth of a dragon, and these teeth when sown would immediately grow up into armed men. Jason said that, as it must be, he would try this adventure, but he went sadly enough back to the ship and did not notice how kindly Medea was looking after him as he went.

Now, in the dead of night, Medea could not sleep, because she was so sorry for the stranger, and she knew that she could help him by her magic. Then she remembered how her father would burn her for a witch if she helped Jason, and a great shame came on her that she should prefer a stranger to her own people. So she arose in the dark, and stole just as she was to her sister's room, a white figure roaming like a ghost in the palace. And at her sister's door she turned back in shame, saying, "No, I will never do it," and she went back again, and came again, and knew not what to do; but at last she returned to her own bower, and threw herself on her bed, and

wept, And her sister heard her weeping, and came to her, and they cried together, but softly, that no one might hear them. For Chalciope was as eager to help the Greeks for love of her dead husband, as Medea was for love of Jason. And at last Medea promised to carry to the temple of the goddess of whom she was a priestess a drug that would tame the bulls. But still she wept and wished she were dead, and had a mind to slay herself; yet, all the time, she was longing for the dawn, that she might go and see Jason, and give him the drug, and see his face once more, if she was never to see him again. So, at dawn she bound up her hair, and bathed her face, and took the drug, which was pressed from a flower. That flower first blossomed when the eagle shed the blood of Prometheus on the earth. The virtue of the juice of the flower was this, that if a man anointed himself with it, he could not that day be wounded by swords, and fire could not burn him. So she placed it in a vial beneath her girdle, and so she went secretly to the temple of the goddess. And Jason had been warned by Chalciope to meet her there, and he was coming with Mopsus who knew the speech of birds. Then Mopsus heard a crow that sat on

a poplar tree, speaking to another crow, and saying:

"Here comes a silly prophet, and sillier than a goose. He is walking with a young man to meet a maid, and does not know that, while he is there to hear, the maid will not say a word that is in her heart. Go away, foolish prophet; it is not you she cares for."

Then Mopsus smiled, and stopped where he was; but Jason went on, where Medea was pretending to play with the girls, her companions. When she saw Jason she felt as if she could not come forward, nor go back, and she was very pale. But Jason told her not to be afraid, and asked her to help him, but for long she could not answer him; however, at the last, she gave him the drug, and taught him how to use it. "So shall you carry the Fleece to Iolcos, far from here; but what is it to me where you go, when you have gone from here? Still remember the name of me, Medea, as I shall remember you. And may there come to me some voice, or some bird with the message, whenever you have quite forgotten me!"

But Jason answered, "Lady, let the winds blow what voice they will, and what that bird will, let

him bring. But no wind nor bird shall ever bear the news that I have forgotten you, if you will cross the sea with me, and be my wife."

Then she was glad, and yet she was afraid, at the thought of that dark voyage, with a stranger, from her father's home, and her own. So they parted, Jason to the ship, and Medea to the palace. But in the morning Jason anointed himself and his armor with the drug, and all the heroes struck at him with spears and swords, but the swords would not bite on him nor on his armor. And he felt so strong and light that he leaped in the air with joy, and the sun shone on his glittering shield. Now they all went up together to the field where the bulls were breathing flame. There already was Æetes, and Medea and all the Colchians had come to see Jason die. A plow had been brought, to which he was to harness the bulls. Then he walked up to them, and they blew fire at him that flamed all round him, but the magic drug protected him. He took a horn of one bull in his right hand, and a horn of the other in his left, and dashed their heads together so mightily that they fell. When they rose, all trembling, he yoked them to the plow, and drove



JASON PLOWS WITH THE FIRE-BREATHING BULLS



them with his spear, till all the field was plowed in straight ridges and furrows. Then he dipped his helmet in the river, and drank water, for he was weary; and next he sowed the dragon's teeth on the right and left. Then you might see spear points, and sword points, and crests of helmets break up from the soil like shoots of corn, and presently the earth was shaken like sea waves, as armed men leaped out of the furrows, all furious for battle. But Jason, as Medea had told him to do, caught up a great rock, and threw it among them, and he who was struck said to his neighbor, "You struck me. Take that!" and hewed him down through the helmet; but another said, "You shall not strike him!" and ran his spear through that man's breast, but before he could draw it out another man had cleft his helmet with a stroke, and so it went. A few minutes of striking and shouting, while the sparks of fire sprang up from helmet, and breastplate, and shield. And the furrow ran red with blood, and wounded men crawled on hands and knees to strike or stab those that were yet standing and fighting. So ax and sword and spear flashed and fell, till now all the men were down but one, taller and stronger than the rest. Round him he looked,

and saw only Jason standing there, and he staggered toward him, bleeding, and lifting his great ax above his head. But Jason only stepped aside from the blow which would have cloven him to the waist, the last blow of the Men of the Dragon's Teeth, for he who struck fell, and there he lay, and died.

Then Jason went to the king, where he sat looking darkly on, and said, "O King, the field is plowed, the seed is sown, the harvest is reaped. Give me now the Fleece of Gold, and let me be gone." But the king said, "Enough is done. To-morrow is a new day. To-morrow shall you win the Fleece."

Then he looked sidewise at Medea, and she knew that he suspected her, and she was afraid.

Now Æetes went and sat brooding over his wine with the captains of his people; and his mood was bitter, both for loss of the Fleece, and because Jason had won it not by his own prowess, but by magic aid of Medea. And, as for Medea herself, it was the king's purpose to put her to a cruel death, and this she needed not her witchery to know. And a fire was in her eyes, and terrible sounds were ringing in her ears, and it seemed she had but one choice, to

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drink poison and die, or to flee with the heroes in the ship, "Argo." But at last flight seemed better than death. So she hid all her engines of witchcraft in the folds of her gown, and she kissed her bed where she would never sleep again, and the posts of the door, and she caressed the very walls with her hand in that last sad farewell. And she cut a long lock of her black hair, and left it in the room, a keepsake to her mother dear, in memory of her maiden days.

"Good-by, my mother," she said, "this long lock I leave thee in place of me; good-by, a long good-by to me who am going on a long journey; good-by, my sister Chalciope, good-by; dear house, good-by."

Then she stole from the house, and the bolted doors leaped open of their own accord, at the swift spell Medea murmured. With her bare feet she ran down the grassy paths, and the daisies looked black against the white feet of Medea. So they sped to the temple of the goddess, and the moon overhead looked down on her.

Many a time had she darkened the moon's face with her magic song, and now the Lady Moon gazed white upon her, and said, "I am

not, then, the only one that wanders in the night for love, as I love Endymion the sleeper, who wakens never! Many a time hast thou darkened my face with thy songs, and made night black with thy sorceries. And now, thou too art in love! So go thy way, and bid thy heart endure, for a sore fate is before thee."

But Medea hastened on till she came to the high river bank, and saw the heroes, merry at their wine in the light of a blazing fire. Thrice she called aloud, and they heard her, and came to her, and she said, "Save me, my friends, for all is known, and my death is sure. And I will give you the Fleece of Gold for the price of my life."

Then Jason swore that she should be his wife, and more dear to him than all the world. And she went aboard their boat, and swiftly they rowed to the dark wood where the dragon who never sleeps lay guarding the Fleece of Gold. And she landed, and Jason, and Orpheus with his harp, and through the wood they went, but that old serpent saw them coming, and hissed so loud that women wakened in Colchis town, and children cried to their mothers. But Orpheus struck softly on his harp, and he sang a hymn to



THE HARVEST OF THE DRAGON'S TEETH

Sleep, bidding him come and cast a slumber on  
the dragon's wakeful eyes.

This was the song he sang:


Sleep! King of gods and men!  
Come to my call again,  
Swift over field and fen,  
Mountain and deep:  
Come, bid the waves be still;  
Sleep, streams on height and hill;  
Beasts, birds, and snakes, thy will  
Conquereth, Sleep!  
Come on thy golden wings,  
Come ere the swallow sings,  
Lulling all living things,  
Fly they or creep!  
Come with thy leaden yand,  
Come with thy kindly hand,  
Soothing on sea or land  
Mortals that weep,  
Come from the cloudy west,  
Soft over brain and breast,  
Bidding the Dragon rest,  
Come to me, Sleep!

This was Orpheus's song, and he sang so  
sweetly that the bright small eyes of the  
dragon closed, and all his hard coils softened  
and uncurled. Then Jason set his foot on the

dragon's neck, and hewed off his head, and lifted down the Golden Fleece from the sacred oak-tree, and it shone like a golden cloud at dawn. But he waited not to wonder at it, but he and Medea and Orpheus hurried through the wet wood-paths to the ship, and threw it on board, cast a cloak over it, and bade the heroes sit down to the oars, half of them, but the others to take their shields, and stand each beside the oarsmen, to guard them from the arrows of the Colchians. Then he cut the stern-cables with his sword, and softly they rowed, under the bank, down the dark river to the sea. But by this time the hissing of the dragon had awakened the Colchians, and lights were flitting by the palace windows, and Æetes was driving in his chariot with all his men, down to the banks of the river. Then their arrows fell like hail about the ship, but they rebounded from the shields of the heroes, and the swift ship sped over the bar, and leaped as she felt the first waves of the salt sea.

And now the Fleece was won. But it was weary work bringing it home to Greece, and that is another story. For Medea and Jason did a deed which angered the gods. They slew

her brother Absyrtus, who followed after them with a fleet. And the gods would not let them return by the way they had come, but by strange ways where never another ship had sailed. Up the Istes (the Danube) they rowed, through countries of savage men, till the "Argo" could go no further, by reason of the narrowness of the stream. Then they hauled her overland, where no man knows, but they launched her on the Elbe at last, and out into a sea where never sail had been seen. Then they were driven wandering out into Ocean, and to a fairy far-off Isle where Lady Circe dwelt, and to the Sirens' Isles, where the singing women of the sea beguile the mariners; but about all these there is a better story, which you may some day read, the story of Odysseus, Laertes' son. And at last the west wind drove them back through the Pillars of Heracles, and so home to waters they knew, and to Iolcos itself, and there they landed with the Fleece, and the heroes all went home. And Jason was crowned king, at last, on his father's throne, but he had little joy of his kingdom, for between him and beautiful Medea was the memory of her brother, whom they had slain. And the long story ends but sadly, for they had no happiness





at home, and at last they went different ways, and Medea sinned again, a dreadful sin to revenge an evil deed of Jason's. For she was a woman that knew only hate and love, and where she did not love with all her heart, with all her heart she hated. But on his dying day it may be that he remembered her, when all grew dark around him, and down the ways of night the Golden Fleece floated like a cloud upon the wind of death.

## THE LABORS OF HERCULES

BY C. L. B.

**F**OREMOST among the demi-gods was Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmene. Juno, the queen of heaven, was hostile to Hercules and began war against him from his birth. He first showed proof of his divine origin by strangling two serpents which Juno had sent to his cradle when he was about eight months old. An account of this is given in a beautiful poem of Pindar.

Hercules grew up in Thebes, where he had the best teachers. Here he excelled in every feat of strength, but made little progress in the arts. He slew his master for reproving him and as a punishment was sent to Mount Cithæron to mind the flocks. Here he remained until about eighteen years of age.

During this period he met the two beautiful

women Arete (virtue) and Kakia (vice). Kakia told him if he would follow her she would give him great riches, ease, and pleasure. Arete, whom he liked better, told him that if he accepted her he must expect a life of hardship and toil and continual fights against evil. After thinking over the two promises Hercules, remembering the precepts of his tutors, decided to follow Arete. This is known as the "choice of Hercules."

Juno, still intent upon her war against Hercules, now obtained from Jupiter a decree that Hercules should serve his cousin, Eurystheus, King of Argos, for a certain time.

Eurystheus, whom he was sentenced to serve, told him that to be free he must perform twelve great labors, and the following is a short account of how he accomplished them.

### LABOR I

First he was ordered to slay the Nemean lion, a monstrous beast that roamed the forests of Nemea, carrying off cattle, women, and children and killing everything that came near him. His skin was so thick that no arrows nor weapons

could pierce it, and every one said that Hercules would never return alive. Hercules could not injure him with his club nor his arrows, but finally drove him into a cave where he grappled him with his arms and strangled him to death even as he had the serpents. He afterward used



the lion's skin for his own shield and the head for a helmet.

## LABOR II

Next he was commanded to kill the Lernean Hydra, a great nine-headed water-serpent that was ravaging all the country around, killing both men and beasts. In this adventure he was accompanied by his nephew, Iolaus, who, as on many

other occasions, was his faithful friend. Hercules advanced fearlessly and with his sword struck off one of the heads, when to his amazement two more immediately came out in its place. They then set fire to the neighboring forests and



with the great firebrands seared the throats of the serpent until finally no more grew out. He then dipped his arrows in the poison of the serpent so that any wounds inflicted with them would be fatal.

### LABOR III

He was then ordered to capture alive the Arcadian stag or hind of Cerynea, an animal sacred to

Arcadian Artemis. This stag had golden horns and hoofs of brass, a symbol of never-tiring swiftness. He shot across the hills so fast as hardly to be seen and for nearly a year Hercules was kept in hopeless pursuit. Finally on the



banks of the Ladon he succeeded in tiring him out and brought him back to Mycenæ a captive.

#### LABOR IV

The fourth task appointed was to capture the Erymanthian boar, a horrible animal that inhabited the mountain district of Eurymanthus, from which it laid waste the cornfields. Hercules drove the boar to the snow-covered summit of a

mountain and captured him alive as Eurystheus had commanded. It was while performing this labor that Hercules killed the Centaurs, among them, accidentally, his beloved tutor, Chiron, for whom he sincerely mourned. When Hercules brought the great boar home on his back Eurys-



theus was so frightened that he went and hid himself in a vessel. This comic scene you may find pictured upon some of the Greek vases.

### LABOR V

Augeas, the King of Elis, had a herd of three thousand cattle and the fifth task set for Hercules was cleaning the stables, which had not been

cleaned for thirty years. The river Alpheus flowed by, and Hercules' method was to turn the river so that it would flow through the stables. When he had accomplished this he again changed the banks of the stream. The fable says that he did it all in one day.



## LABOR VI

The district around Lake Stymphales, in Arcadia, was inhabited by a flock of voracious birds which fed upon human flesh, and Hercules was now dispatched to slay them. These birds had claws, beaks, and even wings of brass and were



able to shoot out their feathers like arrows. Hercules slew most of these with his poisoned arrows, which were just what he needed for this purpose. Some flew away and never returned.



## LABOR VII

In the life of Minos, King of Crete, we read that Neptune once sent up a bull out of the sea for Minos to sacrifice. But when Minos saw the bull he was so struck with its beauty and sleekness that he kept it for his own, substituting another for the sacrifice. This so angered Neptune that

he caused the bull to go mad, and the next labor of Hercules was to capture this bull and bring him to Eurystheus. He was as successful in this as in his previous labors.



### LABOR VIII

Diomedes was king of a warlike tribe in Thrace and possessed a drove of wild mares, to whom he fed human beings. All strangers coming to his realm were seized and fed to the mares. These mares Hercules was to bind and bring alive to his master. He not only did this, but first killed Diomedes himself and fed him to the mares.

## LABOR IX

The next labor was of a different kind. Admete, the daughter of his master, expressed a



wish to obtain the beautiful girdle of the queen of the Amazons, a race of female warriors, and Hercules was told to go and get it. He had many adventures before reaching the queen, but when he had found her and told her the object of his visit she seemed inclined to aid him. His old enemy, Juno, saw fit to interfere at this point and, assuming the guise of an Amazon, went among them, and by spreading false rumors finally incited them to attack him. He was obliged to

fight them single-handed, but at last not only escaped to his ship in safety, but killed the queen, whom he believed had been treacherous to him, and carried the precious girdle with him.



## LABOR X

Geryones was a three-headed giant who inhabited the island of Erythea, where he had a herd of the finest cattle. To fetch these Hercules had a long journey to go. He is supposed to have sailed to the island in a golden boat, which he got from Helios (the sun) by shooting at him with his arrows. Arrived at the island, he slew the

giant and then recrossed the ocean with the cattle in his golden boat, and after many adventures delivered them to his master.



### LABOR XI

The most difficult feat of all, though perhaps not the most dangerous, was bringing the golden apples of Hesperides. Worst of all, he did not know where to look for them. They had been given to Juno for a wedding present and were in the charge of the Hesperides, or nymphs of the West, assisted in their keeping by a dragon.

Milton in his "Comus" speaks of the place:

“—amidst the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,  
That sing about the golden tree.”



The ancient poets often spoke of the West as a garden of beauty. As we look upon the sunset sky it often looks to us like a sort of fairy land. They used to place in it the Isles of the Blest, and there is a poem about it:

“The Isles of the Blest, they say,  
The Isles of the Blest,  
Are peaceful and happy, by night and by day,  
Far away in the glorious west.

“They need not the moon in that land of delight,  
They need not the pale, pale star;

The sun is bright, by day and night,  
Where the souls of the blessed are.

"They till not the ground, they plow not the wave,  
They labor not, never! Oh, never!  
Not a tear do they shed, not a sigh do they heave,  
They are happy for ever and ever!"



Hercules had many adventures looking for the apples but finally came to Mt. Atlas, in Africa. Here Atlas, who was one of the Titans who had warred against the gods, was condemned to hold up the heavens on his shoulders. He was the father of the Hesperides, and Hercules felt sure he would learn something from him. So he did, and Atlas said he would go and get the apples

while Hercules held up the heavens. The burden was transferred to Hercules' shoulders, but when Atlas came back with the apples he did not like the idea of taking up the burden of the heavens again and said he would go and deliver the apples himself. Hercules appeared to consent and only asked Atlas to relieve him for a short time while he placed a cushion under the great weight. When Atlas complied, Hercules seized the apples and ran away with them, thus completing this labor.

## LABOR XII

The last feat of all, and the one which put an end to his service to Eurystheus, was bringing the dog Cerberus from the lower world. It is generally reported that Hercules made his descent into the lower world assisted by Hermes and Athene. There he had a number of adventures, in one of which he succeeded in liberating Theseus from the lower regions. Finally he reached the presence of the lord of the region, who consented to his fighting Cerberus and taking him away if he could do so without using weapons. As in all the other labors he was suc-



cessful, seizing the terrible beast with his hands and chaining him up until he was helpless.

So ended the twelve set labors and so he earned his freedom from the service of Eurystheus.

When these great labors were completed the life of Hercules on earth was not yet over, for he was destined to live many years and to perform other exploits, and his life was quite as interesting as before. His wise teacher, Chiron, the centaur, had taught him ever to help the weak and to take their part against any who oppressed them. And for all his great strength he was often very gentle and full of pity for those who were bowed down by pain or sorrows. But he seems still to have given way to violence at times, and once, in a fit of madness, he killed his friend Iphitus, for which he was condemned to spend three years as the slave of Queen Omphale. During this time a strange change came over him, and his brave and warlike spirit seemed to vanish. At times he wore the dress of a woman, spinning with the handmaidens of the queen. Yet, at other times, he went forth and accomplished daring feats. It was during this period that he discovered the body of Icarus and buried it, and

joined the company of the Argonauts on their way to secure the Golden Fleece.

After the servitude to Omphale was over, he sailed against Troy with eighteen ships and was successful. He also made other expeditions: delivered Prometheus; subdued giants; and distinguished himself in many ways.

Finally the hero went to Calydon, where he wooed and won Dejanira, daughter of Æneus. A long time he lived here and the people loved him for his kindly deeds. One day with his wife he journeyed to the banks of a river where the centaur Nessus was ferryman. Hercules forded the river while the centaur carried Dejanira across and tried to flee away with her. At this Hercules shot him through with an arrow. The centaur, as he died, faintly besought Dejanira to fill a shell with his blood so that if she should ever be in danger of losing the love of Hercules, she could retain it by spreading it over a robe for Hercules to wear.

Once, becoming jealous of Hercules, his wife gave him a brodered robe in which she had sprinkled the blood. When he had put it on the poisoned blood spread through his body like devouring fire. The vengeance of the centaur

was accomplished, for when he tried to throw off the robe the poison acted the more fiercely. When Dejanira saw what she had done she hanged herself, and Hercules, in agony, prepared to die. He ascended Mount Œta, where he built a funeral pile, laid himself upon it, resting his head upon his club and placing his lion's skin upon him. With a calm face he bade them apply the torch and so came to his life's "grandly mournful close."

But the gods of heaven grieved to see the great champion's end and allowed only the mortal part to die. From high Olympus came a bright cloud and Jupiter carried his child home, where a great welcome was given to the hero who rested from his mighty toils.

## THE BOYS AT CHIRON'S SCHOOL

BY EVELYN MULLER

EVERY one knows about the Centaurs,—“a people of Thessaly”; yet no one ever has told us about Centaur boys.

But nowadays people are discovering everything. There is Dr. Schliemann, who has discovered all the old kitchen-ware of the ancient Trojans, and written a book about it; and another explorer has just found out about some young Centaurs who went to old Chiron's school.

It was a boarding and day school, situated on the Island of Peparethos, off the coast of Thessaly; “a most salubrious spot,” the school prospectus said, and old Chiron taught all the polite arts. It must have been a trouble, for young Centaurs were a wild set. Indeed, people in those days never said, “This boy is as wild as a young colt,” but “As wild as a young Centaur,” which amounted to the same thing. The Centaur boys

had good times, you may be sure. The polite arts did not bother them much, though the boys bothered old Chiron. He was always shouting to them to keep their hoofs off the desks, and to stop switching their tails about, for they knocked down ink bottles and things. Of course, in fly-time such a rule was very hard, but the Centaur boys revenged themselves by chasing the geese that belonged to Chiron's old housekeeper, and making her scold till she was hoarse. They played foot-ball, too, and such a splendid game, for every Centaur could kick with both his hind feet, while he steadied himself on his fore feet. The ball sometimes went clear across the island—about two miles. At least, that is the record the boys left cut on the rocks at Peparethos, so far as our discoverer could make out and translate. "Gryneus" and "Pholus" must have been the best kickers, for he found their names cut on the rocks, just under this big kicking score.

And they had grand games of base-ball; such running and catching! They did not need to stoop to steady themselves when they caught, so none of them were at all bow-legged, and that was certainly an advantage over two-legged boys.

But they never played marbles, for they could



"THE CENTAUR BOYS COULD NOT CLIMB A TREE"

not kneel down properly, though it was a great saving in trouser-knees. They ran races, though, and made splendid time. "Rhoetus" was the best racer for two school terms, so the record said, and the name of the champion for the next year must have been kicked off out of envy, for our explorer noticed a big piece of rock chipped off, just under Rhoetus's name. They could not have boat races, of course, but they had swimming matches, and you may imagine that a boy with four legs and two arms could make pretty fast time.

They were a right conceited set, those Centaurs, but they had a "take down," when two Greek boys from the mainland came to school. These boys had only two legs, like our boys here, and the Centaur boys made no end of fun of them. But when Chiron saw that the two young Greeks, "Crates" and "Crantor," were studious and polite, he used to ride them on his back, and show them other favors. This made the Centaurs envious, and they did their best to make the young Greeks' lives a burden to them. They would not let them play ball, because they had only two legs, nor race, though Crantor was a first-rate runner, nor even let them chase the old woman's geese. So Crantor and Crates gave up, and turned their

attention to the polite arts, hoping their turn would come soon.

And it did.

Crates and Crantor had a cousin, a pretty little Greek girl named Celena, who came to visit them one day. She brought a splendid cake for the boys, and some honey from Hymettus, so, of course, all the boys were anxious to please her. They ran races, and played ball, and jumped fences, and Celena said they were very smart.

Then Crates turned a hand-spring, and Crantor stood on his head.

"Can you do that?" asked Celena.

The Centaurs were ashamed, but they had to own up that it was impossible.

"Well, then," said Celena, "can't you get me some nuts? There is a tree full of them."

The Centaur boys all gathered around the tree, and reached up as far as they could, but having gathered all the nuts within reach some days before, they could get none now for Celena.

"Why don't you climb up, stupids?" said she.

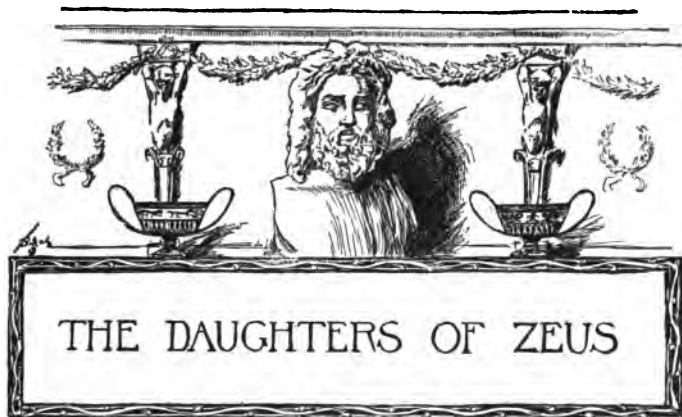
Then all those Centaur boys were covered with confusion, for not one of them could climb a tree.

Crates and Crantor could, and in a minute they were on the topmost branches gathering nuts and



throwing them down to Celena, who thanked them very prettily, and turned up her pretty Greek nose at the unhappy Centaur boys. And after that Crates and Crantor held their heads high enough.

“For some things,” sighed the Centaur boys, “it is better to be a two-legged boy,” and then they grew more modest, and went to work to study the polite arts.



BY D. O. S. LOWELL

They were a multitude in number more  
Than with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each  
mouth  
Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass  
I might declare, unless the Olympian nine,  
Jove's daughters, could the chronicle themselves  
Indite. . . . —*Cowper's Translation of the Iliad.*

THE people of ancient Greece used to say that Zeus (Jove or Jupiter) and Mnemosyne (Memory) had nine daughters. In very old times these daughters were worshiped as goddesses of poetry and song, under the name of Muses; later, they were spoken of as presiding over all litera-

ture, art, and science. They had an altar in the Academy at Athens; the Thespians held a yearly festival in their honor, with prizes for musicians; and at Rome two temples were dedicated to them.

The old Greek and Roman poets believed that the Muses could enable them to write with vigor and grace, and they never began any important poem without a prayer to some one or more of the Nine. This prayer formed a part of the poem itself, and in it the author gave the credit of all his thoughts to the Muse of whom he claimed to be scarcely more than the mouthpiece. Thus Homer begins his "Iliad":

Sing, O goddess,<sup>1</sup> the destructive wrath of Achilles;  
the opening lines of the "Odyssey" are:

O Muse, sing to me of the man full of resources;

and Vergil, after a seven-line introduction to his "Æneid," utters an invocation beginning:

O Muse, recount to me the causes, etc.

In the later days of Greek and Roman literature many people began to disbelieve in the old-

<sup>1</sup>Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry.

time gods; but the poets continued to keep up the custom of invoking the Muses, notwithstanding. Even in modern times, the great English poet Milton breathes this prayer at the beginning of his "Paradise Lost":

Of man's first disobedience . . .

Sing, Heavenly Muse, . . .

. . . I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song.

Thus it happens that in order to understand much of the literature of our own times, we need to know the story of these Daughters of Zeus.

They were born, according to Greek mythology, in Pieria, near the summit of Mount Olympus, the home of the gods. From their birth they were wonderfully gifted in music and song, and often furnished entertainment at the banquets of the immortals. Pierus, the king of a neighboring country, had nine daughters who were good singers, too,—at least in their own opinion; so they challenged the Muses to compete with them. The daughters of Zeus accepted,

and the contest took place upon Mount Helicon.

You can guess the result, for mortals may not



strive with gods. While the challengers sang, the heavens grew dark, as though they had "tried the earth, if it were in tune," and heard only a sullen discord. At length the mortal music



ceased, and the celestial Nine began. At once the sun burst through the murky clouds, the stars



stopped in their courses, and the rivers paused between their banks; at the same time Mount Helicon, on which the Muses often dwelt, swelled



MELPOMENE







TERPSICHORE





so proudly toward the sky that Poseidon (Neptune) ordered the winged horse Pegasus to strike it with his hoof. The command was obeyed; the mountain no longer rose heavenward, but from



the hoof-print gushed forth Hippocrene (Horse-fountain), whose waters gave poetic inspiration to all who drank thereof. The poor vanquished maidens were then punished for their presumption by being changed into magpies.

The stories which the ancients told concerning the Muses varied a great deal. There was

disagreement concerning their number, their names, their parents, the mountain on which they lived, the symbols by which they were known, and the attitudes in which they should be represented. I shall attempt to tell you, however, only the things which were most widely believed concerning them.

VRANIA



When Pope said,

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,



he followed the story which says they lived on Mount Olympus. When the poet Gray wrote, in describing the Progress of Poesy,

From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take,

he meant to say, that poetry began in the home of the Muses on Mount Helicon, and spread over the whole earth. Wordsworth says of one man, who was a poet:

Nor did he leave  
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs  
Twine on the top of Pindus;

and the same writer says of another poet:

Not a covert path  
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,  
That might from him be hidden.

Thus we see that four dwelling-places of the Muses were Mounts Olympus, Helicon, Pindus, and Parnassus. It will be well to remember these.

A Greek writer, Lucian, says that when Herodotus, the "Father of History," read his famous work to the multitudes who had assembled to see the Olympic games his hearers were so delighted that they at once named the nine books after the nine Muses. Some doubt the truth of the story, but however that may be, it is certain that even to this very day the books of Herodotus are called Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, Urania, and Calliope, instead of being numbered.

Clio (glory) is an appropriate name for the first book, as she was said to preside over history; in painting or sculpture she is usually represented with an open roll in her hand.

Euterpe (giver of pleasure) was the Muse of Lyric Poetry, or that which is expressive of the poet's own thought or feeling and is well adapted to song. She is usually represented with the double flute.

Thalia (the blooming one) represented the merry side of life; she was the Muse of Comedy, or dramatic composition in which mirth was the leading feature. Her emblems were a comic mask, often carried in one hand, a crook or staff, and usually a wreath of ivy encircling her head.

Melpomene (the singing one) represented the stern and gloomy side of life; she was the Muse of Tragedy, or dramatic composition in which the leading characters usually meet death by violence. Her symbols were a mask expressive of horror or agony, a garland of vine leaves, the club of Hercules, and buskins, actors' sandals. The last had thick soles, in order to make the wearer appear tall and dignified on the stage.

Terpsichore (delighting in dance) is, perhaps, of all the Muses, most familiar to the general

reader. She had charge of the Choral Song and Dance. She is commonly represented as indulging in her favorite pastime. In one hand she carries a seven-stringed lyre, the chords of which she strikes with a plectrum, or piece of ivory, bone, or shell.

Erato (amorous) comes next with a nine-stringed harp and plectrum. Sometimes she was merry, sometimes sad,—of changeful mood, as lovers are; for Erato was the patron goddess of Passionate Poetry and of Love Music.

Polymnia (rich in song) often has no symbol, but carries her finger to her lips, and looks up with thoughtful gaze. She was the Muse of Hymns and Sacred Songs.

Urania (heaven) was the Muse of Astronomy. She carries a globe in one hand, and a wand in the other.

Calliope (beautiful voice), though last in order was first in importance. She was the mother of Orpheus, the wonderful musician who traveled with the Argonauts in Jason's Quest. Her province was Epic Poetry, like the "Iliad" of Homer, or the "Æneid" of Vergil. She is commonly shown with a stylus or metal pen, and tablets, and sometimes in the act of writing.



The Muses are at times represented with feathers upon their heads—trophies won by them when they vanquished the Sirens in a musical contest.

If you will remember the pictures and traits of these Daughters of Zeus, you will never be at a loss when in your reading you come upon the names of any of the “tuneful Nine.”

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## THE STORY OF NARCISSUS

BY ANNA M. PRATT

**I**N days long ago, when birds and flowers and trees could talk, in a country far over the sea, there was a beautiful fountain. It was in an opening in the forest, and the little sunbeams that crept between the leaves, falling upon it, made it shine and sparkle like silver. You would have thought the wind was playing a polka among the trees, so gaily did the fountain dance and bubble over the rocks, while it was sending up little showers of spray that made tiny rainbows.

But between its banks, farther down, it was as quiet as a sleeping child, and the ferns bent over and bathed themselves in it, and the cool green moss crept down to the water's edge. The mountain-goat that wandered through the forest had never been there to drink. Even the wind was tenderly careful not to ruffle it, and the leaves that had shaded it all summer long laid themselves noiselessly on either side when their turn



"AND SO HE HUNG OVER THE BRINK OF THE FOUNTAIN"

came to fall, but they never sullied its fair surface.

One day, a youth named Narcissus, who had been hunting in the forest, lost sight of his companions, and while looking for them, chanced to see the fountain flashing beneath a stray sunbeam. He at once turned his steps toward it, much delighted, for he was so heated and thirsty. As he drew nearer, and heard the splash of the falling water and saw its crystal clearness, he thought he had never seen so beautiful a place, and he hastened to bathe his burning forehead and cool his parched lips. But as he knelt upon the mossy bank and bent over the water, he saw his own image, as in a glass. He thought it must be some lovely water-spirit that lived within the fountain, and in gazing upon it he forgot to drink. The sparkling eyes, the curling locks, the blushing, rounded cheeks, and the parted lips filled him with admiration, and he fell in love with that image of himself, but he knew not that it was his own image.

The longer he looked, the more beautiful it became to him, and he longed to embrace it. But as he dipped his arms into the water and touched it with his lips, the lovely face disap-

peared, as though its owner had been frightened. Narcissus felt himself thrill with alarm lest he might never behold it again, and he looked around, in vain, to find where it had fled.

What was his delight to see it appearing again as the surface of the water became smooth! It gave him back glance for glance, and smile for smile, but although the lips moved as if they were speaking, they gave him not a word. He begged the beautiful creature to come out of the fountain, and live with him.

"You are the most beautiful being my eyes ever looked upon," he said, "and I love you with all my heart. You shall have all that is mine, and I will forever be your faithful friend, if you will only come with me."

The image smiled and seemed to stretch out its arms to him, but still was dumb. This only made him desire all the more to hear it speak, and he besought it for a reply until, saddened by continued disappointment, his tears fell upon the water and disturbed it. This made the face look wrinkled. He thought it was going to leave him, and exclaimed:

"Only stay, beautiful being, and let me gaze upon you, if I may not touch you!"

And so he hung over the brink of the fountain, forgetting his food and rest, but not losing sight for an instant of the lovely face.

As daylight faded away and the moonbeams crept down into the little glade to bear him company, he still kept his faithful watch, and the morning sun found him where it had said good-night to him the evening before. Day after day and night after night he stayed there, gazing and grieving. He grew thin and pale and weak, until, worn out with love and longing and disappointment, he pined away and died.

When his friends found the poor dead Narcissus, they were filled with sorrow, and they went about sadly to prepare a funeral pile, for it was the custom in those days to burn the dead. But, most wonderful to tell! when they returned to bear away the body, it could nowhere be found. However, before their astonished eyes a little flower rose from the water's edge, just where their friend had died. So they named the flower in memory of him, and it has been called Narcissus unto this very day.

## THE STORY OF PERSEUS

*(Adapted from the German)*

BY MARY A. ROBINSON

MANY gods and goddesses were worshiped by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but, besides these, they also believed in *demigods*, so called because, according to tradition, their parentage was half divine and half human. These beings were generally distinguished for beauty, strength, valor, or other noble qualities. The stories of their adventures told by ancient writers are as interesting as fairy-tales, and are so often represented in painting and sculpture, and mentioned in books, that it is well for every one to know something about them.

Perseus, one of these demigods, was the son of Jupiter, the highest of the gods, and of Danaë, a mortal woman. It had been prophesied to Danaë's father, Acrisius, king of Argos, that a grandson would take from him both his throne and life, and

he therefore caused Danaë and her child to be shut up in a wooden box and thrown into the sea. The box was caught in the net of a fisherman of the isle of Seriphos, by whom its inmates were put safely on shore. The king of the island, whose name was Polydectes, afterward took Danaë under his special care, and brought up her son as if he had been his own.

When Perseus had grown to be a young man, the king urged him to go in search of adventures, and set him the task of bringing him the head of the terrible Gorgon named Medusa. Perseus asked the aid of the gods for this expedition, which he felt obliged to make, and in answer to his prayers, Mercury and Minerva, the patrons of adventurers, led him to the abode of the Grææ, the woman-monsters, so called because they had been born with gray hair. Perseus compelled them to show him where lived the nymphs who had in charge the Helmet of Hades, which rendered its wearer invisible. They introduced Perseus to the nymphs, who at once furnished him with the helmet, and gave him, besides, the winged shoes and the pouch, which he also needed for his task. Then came Mercury, and gave him the Harpe, or curved knife, while Minerva be-



stowed upon him her polished shield, and showed him how to use it in approaching the Gorgons, that he should not be turned into stone at the sight of them.

Perseus donned his shoes and helmet, and flew until he reached the abode of the Gorgons. These were three hideous daughters of Phorcus, and sisters of the Grææ. One only of them, Medusa, was mortal. Perseus found the monsters asleep. They were covered with dragon scales, and had writhing serpents instead of hair, and, besides these charms, they had huge tusks like those of a boar, brazen hands, and golden wings. Whoever looked on them was immediately turned to stone, but Perseus knew this and gazed only on their reflection in his shield. Having thus discovered Medusa, without harm to himself, he cut off her head with his curved knife. Perseus dropped the head of Medusa into the pouch slung over his shoulder, and went quickly on his way. When Medusa's sisters awoke, they tried to pursue the young demigod, but the helmet hid him from their sight and they sought him in vain.

At length he alighted in the realm of King Atlas, who was of enormous stature and owned a grove of trees that bore golden fruit, and were

guarded by a terrible dragon. In vain did the slayer of Medusa ask the king for food and shelter. Fearful of losing his golden treasure, Atlas refused the wanderer entertainment in his palace. Upon this Perseus became enraged, and taking the head of Medusa from his pouch, held it toward the huge king, who was suddenly turned to stone. His hair and beard changed to forests, his shoulders, hands, and bones became rocks, and his head grew up into a lofty mountain-peak. Mount Atlas, in Africa, was believed by the ancients to be the mountain into which the giant was transformed.

Perseus then rose into the air again, continued his journey, and came to Ethiopia, where he beheld a maiden chained to a rock that jutted out into the sea. He was so enchanted with her loveliness that he almost forgot to poise himself in the air with his wings. At last, taking off his helmet so that he and his politeness might be perceived, he said: "Pray tell me, beauteous maiden, what is thy country, what thy name, and why thou art here in bonds?"

The weeping maiden blushed at sight of the handsome stranger, and replied:

"I am Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, king

of this country. My mother boasted to the nymphs, daughters of Nereus, that she was far more beautiful than they. This roused their anger, and they persuaded Neptune, their friend, to make the sea overflow our shores and send a monster to destroy us. Then an oracle proclaimed that we never should be rid of these evils until the queen's daughter should be given for the monster's prey. The people forced my parents to make the sacrifice, and I was chained to this rock."

As she ceased speaking the waves surged and boiled, and a fearful monster rose to the surface. The maiden shrieked in terror, just as her parents came hastening to her in hopeless anguish, for they could do nothing but weep and moan.

Then Perseus told them who he was, and boldly proposed to rescue the maiden if they would promise to give her to him as his wife.

The king and queen, eager to save Andromeda, at once agreed to this, and said they would give him not only their daughter, but also their own kingdom as her dowry.

Meanwhile, the monster had come within a stone's throw of the shore, so Perseus flew up into the air, put on his helmet, pounced down

upon the creature, and killed it, after a fierce struggle. He then sprang ashore and loosed the bonds of Andromeda, who greeted him with words of thanks and looks of love. He restored her to the arms of her delighted parents, and entered their palace a happy bridegroom.

Soon the wedding festivities began, and there was general rejoicing. The banquet was not yet over, however, when a sudden tumult arose in the court of the palace. It was caused by Phineus, brother of Cepheus, who had been betrothed to his niece Andromeda, but had failed her in her hour of need. He now made his appearance with a host of followers and clamored for his bride.

But Cepheus arose and cried:

"Brother, art thou mad? Thou didst lose thy bride when she was given up to death before thy face. Why didst thou not then win back the prize? Leave her now to him who fought for her and saved her."

Phineus held his peace, but cast furious looks both at his brother and at Perseus, as if hesitating which to strike first. Finally, with all his might, he threw a spear at Perseus, but missed the mark. This was the signal for a general combat between the guests and servants of Cepheus

and Phineus and his followers. The latter were the more numerous, and at last Perseus was quite surrounded by enemies. He fought valiantly, however, striking down his opponents one after another, until he saw that he could not hold out to the end against such odds. Then he made up his mind to use his last, but surest, means of defense, and crying, "Let those who are my friends turn away their faces," he drew forth the head of Medusa and held it toward his nearest adversary.

"Seek thou others," cried the warrior, "whom thou mayst frighten with thy miracles!"

But in the very act of lifting his spear he grew stiff and motionless as a statue. The same fate came upon all who followed, till at last Phineus repented of his unjust conduct. All about him he saw nothing but stone images in every conceivable posture. He called despairingly upon his friends and laid hands on those near him; but all were silent, cold, and stony. Then fear and sorrow seized him, and his threats changed to prayers.

"Spare me—spare my life!" he cried to Perseus, "and bride and kingdom shall be thine!"

But Perseus was not to be moved to mercy, for his friends had been killed before his very face.

So Phineus shared the doom of his followers and was turned to stone.

After these events Perseus and Andromeda were married, and together they journeyed to Seriphos, where they heard that the king had been ill-treating Danaë. When, therefore, the tyrant assembled his court to see how Perseus had done his task, the son avenged his mother's wrongs by petrifying the assemblage—king, courtiers, and all! Then he gave back to the nymphs the helmet, shoes, and pouch they had lent to him, returned the knife to Mercury, and presented Minerva with Medusa's head, which ever after she wore upon her shield.

With his mother and his wife Perseus then sought his timid grandfather Acrisius, and found him, not in his own realm of Argos, but at Larisa, the city of King Teutamias, looking on at some public games. Perseus must needs meddle in the exercises, and so managed to fulfil the old prophecy and accidentally slay his grandfather by an unlucky throw of the discus, a kind of flat quoit.

Perseus, who deeply mourned his grandfather's fate, soon exchanged the kingdom of Argos for Tiryns, and there founded the city of Mycenæ. He lived very happily with his wife, and ruled his kingdom long and wisely.

## KING MIDAS

BY CELIA THAXTER

**H**EARDED you, O little children,  
This wonderful story told  
Of the Phrygian king whose fatal touch  
Turned everything to gold?

In a great, dim, dreary chamber,  
Beneath the palace floor,  
He counted his treasures of glittering coin,  
And he always longed for more.

When the clouds in the blaze of sunset  
Burned flaming fold on fold,  
He thought how fine a thing 't would be  
Were they but real gold!

And when his dear little daughter,  
The child he loved so well,  
Came bringing in from the pleasant fields  
The yellow asphodel,

Or buttercups from the meadow,  
Or dandelions gay,  
King Midas would look at the blossoms sweet,  
And she would hear him say :

“If only the flowers were really  
Golden as they appear,  
'T were worth your while to gather them,  
My little daughter dear !”

One day, in the dim, drear chamber,  
As he counted his treasure o'er,  
A sunbeam slipped through a chink in the wall  
And quivered down to the floor.

“Would it were gold,” he muttered,  
“That broad, bright yellow bar !”  
Suddenly stood in its mellow light,  
A Figure bright as a star.

Young and ruddy and glorious,  
With face as fresh as the day,  
With a wingèd cap and wingèd heels,  
And eyes both wise and gay.

“O have your wish, King Midas,”  
A heavenly voice begun,  
Like all sweet notes of the morning  
Braided and blended in one.



“And when to-morrow’s sunrise  
Wakes you with rosy fire,  
All things you touch shall turn to gold,  
Even as you desire.”

King Midas slept. The morning  
At last stole up the sky,  
And woke him, full of eagerness  
The wondrous spell to try.

And lo! the bed’s fine draperies  
Of linen fair and cool,  
Of quilted satin and cobweb lace,  
And blankets of snowy wool,

All had been changed with the sun’s first ray  
To marvelous cloth of gold,  
That rippled and shimmered as soft as silk  
In many a gorgeous fold.

But all this splendor weighed so much  
’T was irksome to the king,  
And up he sprang to try at once  
The touch on every thing.

The heavy tassel that he grasped  
Magnificent became,  
And hung by the purple curtain rich  
Like a glowing mass of flame,

At every step, on every side,  
Such splendor followed him,  
The very sunbeams seemed to pale,  
And morn itself grew dim.

But when he came to the water  
For his delicious bath,  
And dipped his hand in the surface smooth,  
He started in sudden wrath;

For the liquid, light and leaping,  
So crystal-bright and clear,  
Grew a solid lake of heavy gold,  
And the king began to fear!

But out he went to the garden,  
So fresh in the morning hour,  
And a thousand buds in the balmy night  
Had burst into perfect flower.

'T was a world of perfume and color,  
Of tender and delicate bloom,  
But only the hideous thirst for wealth  
In the king's heart found room.

He passed like a spirit of autumn  
Through that fair space of bloom,  
And the leaves and the flowers grew yellow  
In a dull and scentless gloom.

Back to the lofty palace  
Went the glad monarch then,  
And sat at his sumptuous breakfast,  
Most fortunate of men!

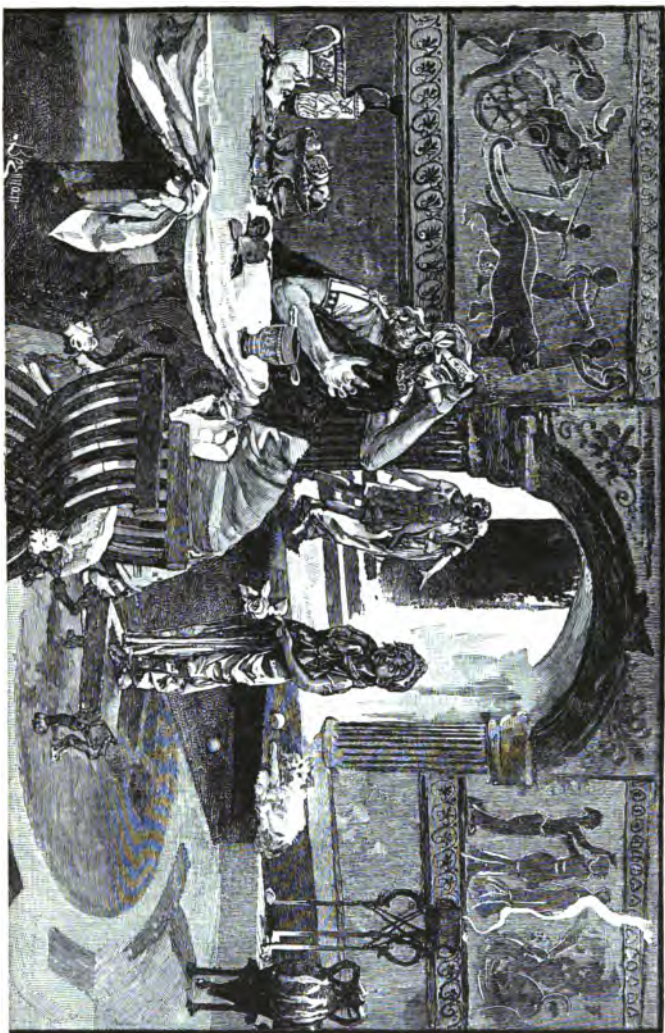
He broke the fine, white wheaten roll,  
The light and wholesome bread,  
And it turned to a lump of metal rich—  
It had as well been lead!

Again did fear assail the king,  
When—what was this he heard?  
The voice of his little daughter dear,  
As sweet as a grieving bird.

Sobbing she stood before him,  
And a golden rose held she,  
And the tears that brimmed her blue, blue eyes  
Were pitiful to see.

“Father! O Father dearest!  
This dreadful thing—oh, see!  
Oh, what has happened to all the flowers?  
Tell me, what can it be?”

“Why should you cry, my daughter?  
Are not these blossoms of gold  
Beautiful, precious, and wonderful,  
With splendor not to be told?”



"HE SANK BACK, SHUDDERING AND AGHAST"

"I hate them, O my father!  
They 're stiff and hard and dead,  
That were so sweet and soft and fair,  
And blushed so warm and red."

"Come here," he cried, "my darling,"  
And bent, her cheek to kiss,  
To comfort her—when—Heavenly Powers!  
What fearful thing was this?

He sank back, shuddering and aghast,  
But she stood still as death—  
A statue of horrible gleaming gold,  
With neither motion nor breath.

The gold tears hardened on her cheek,  
The gold rose in her hand,  
Even her little sandals changed  
To gold, where she did stand.

Then such a tumult of despair  
The wretched king possessed,  
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,  
And sobbed, and beat his breast.

Weighed with one look from her sweet eyes  
What was the whole world worth?  
Against one touch of her loving lips,  
The treasure of all the earth?

Then came that voice, like music,  
As fresh as the morning air,  
"How is it with you, King Midas,  
Rich in your answered prayer?"

And there, in the sunshine smiling,  
Majestic as before,  
Ruddy and young and glorious,  
The Stranger stood once more.

"Take back your gift so terrible!  
No blessing, but a curse!  
One loving heart more precious is  
Than the gold of the universe."

The Stranger listened—a sweeter smile  
Kindled his grave, bright eyes.  
"Glad am I, O King Midas,  
That you have grown so wise!

"Again your wish is granted;  
More swiftly than before,  
All you have harmed with the fatal touch  
You shall again restore."

He clasped his little daughter—  
Oh, joy!—within his arms,  
She trembled back to her human self,  
With all her human charms.

Across her face he saw the life  
    Beneath his kiss begin,  
And steal to the charming dimple deep  
    Upon her lovely chin.

Again her eyes grew blue and clear,  
    Again her cheek flushed red,  
She locked her arms about his neck.  
    “My father dear!” she said.

Oh, happy was King Midas  
    Against his heart to hold  
His treasure of love, more precious  
    Than a thousand worlds of gold!

## THE STORY OF PEGASUS

BY M. C.

WHEN Perseus struck off the head of the terrible Gorgon Medusa, it is said there sprang from her body a winged horse. This was the strange and beautiful animal now known in mythology as Pegasus, and the ancient poets and fable-writers told many stories concerning him.

Hardly was the fiery creature born, when he flew up into the heavens, and there became the horse of Jupiter, for whom he carried thunder and lightning. In course of time, however, Pegasus had a less powerful rider.

A young man named Hipponous happened to slay Bellerus, a Corinthian, and on this account was named Bellerophon; to save his life, he took refuge at the court of a king named Prætus. But here, also, Bellerophon got into trouble, and Prætus sent him to Iobates, king of Lycia, with private orders to have the young man slain at the first opportunity. To accomplish this, Iobates



sent Bellerophon to kill the dreadful, fire-breathing monster, Chimæra, firmly believing he would never return alive. There was a chance, too, that both might die, and thus Iobates would gain the love of his people, as well as the friendship of Prætus; for Chimæra had killed great numbers of the Lycians.

The fore part of Chimæra's body was like a lion, the hind part like a dragon, and the rest like a goat. But, although his foe was so horrid and terrible, Bellerophon seems to have taken the matter very comfortably, for we hear of his falling asleep in the temple of the goddess Minerva, where he had gone to talk the fight over with one of the priests. This nap proved a piece of good luck; for the goddess was kind enough to appear to him in a dream, and tell him that, in order to kill Chimæra, he must manage to tame and ride Pegasus, and that he would find the horse at the Pirene spring, for there Pegasus loved to drink.

This famous spring of pure water supplied a great part of the town of Corinth. It was not the same as the spring Hippocrene, which we shall come to presently, and which is sometimes called the "Pierian" spring, from Pieria, the country in which it is situated.

To aid Bellerophon in conquering the horse, Minerva gave him a golden bridle. When he awoke, Bellerophon found this bridle by his side; and, as it proved his dream to be true so far, he started for the Pirene spring, and lay in wait there.

After a long time, the young man heard a loud fluttering of wings, and, looking up, he saw the wonderful horse hovering in the air. As Bellerophon had hidden himself very carefully, Pegasus, not seeing him, flew gracefully down to the fountain, drank of it, quietly stretched himself out and fell asleep. Then Bellerophon crept up softly, and suddenly leaped upon the creature's back. The shock awoke the winged horse, who never till then had felt the human touch. He sprang up in wild alarm, and rose, with quick wings, high into the air, doing his utmost to shake off his rider. But Bellerophon kept his seat, swung the golden bridle skilfully over his steed's head, and slipped the bit into his mouth. After that Pegasus submitted, and the young man could make him fly just as he wished.

Riding on his winged horse, Bellerophon boldly attacked and killed Chimæra, to the great joy of the Lycians, although Iobates and Prætus



**BELLEROPHON ON THE FLYING HORSE**

felt sorry Bellerophon escaped. The young man was so grateful to Pegasus that he would have set him free; but the noble creature had learned to love his brave master, and would not leave him. Even when Bellerophon wanted to go into the heavens, Pegasus tried to fly up there with him on his back; but the gods threw Bellerophon down to earth for trying to intrude upon them uninvited.

In later times, Pegasus was said to have been also the horse of the Muses, the nine goddesses who presided over the different kinds of poetry and over the arts and sciences. Once these nine had a singing-match with the nine daughters of Pierus, on Mount Helicon, in Pieria. When the daughters of Pierus sang, all nature became dark; but when the "Tuneful Nine" broke forth into song, the heavens, the sea, and all the rivers stood still to listen; and Mount Helicon itself rose heavenward with delight, until Pegasus stopped it by a kick from his hoof. Out of the print of this timely kick bubbled up the fountain called Hippocrene, whose waters were said to bring inspiration to all who drank of them. The defeated nine were changed into birds.

Nobody has told us the final fate of the beauti-

ful Pegasus; but some ancient writers hint that he returned into the heavens and became the horse of Aurora, the goddess of the morning. Certainly it is pleasant to think so; and perhaps it is in memory of this event that astronomers have given his name to a group of stars.

## SOME MYTHOLOGICAL HORSES

BY JAMES BALDWIN

### AURORA'S HIGH-JUMPERS

"That runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular."—*Henry IV.*

THE steeds ever young that bring the morning—that is what they used to be called. People who wanted to see them had to rise very early indeed, for Lampus and Phaëthon were as shy of the sunlight as owls are of the day. They were not fast travelers like the wondrous teams of Helios and Selene, and so far as I know, they never made long journeys. But of all the high-jumpers that have ever delighted mankind they were the champions. When they spurned the earth with their golden hoofs and leaped high among the morning clouds, it was hard to say whether they were leaping or flying; for they always moved together, and drew behind them the chariot in which their mistress stood.

You have been told of the maiden Aurora, her who tapped every morning at the door of Helios's chamber and warned him that it was time to be climbing into his chariot. She was the old charioteer's younger sister. Snow-footed Aurora she was called—yellow-robed, rosy-fingered, air-born Aurora. Her daily duties were always the same, from the beginning of the year to the end. She had no very grand adventures; she cared but little for romance; she was a stay-at-home body whom few appreciated, but whom it was a pleasure to know. Three things she did every morning: she aroused her brother, she awakened the birds, and she drove her team of high-jumpers out for exercise.

Very, very early on a summer's morning, just as the darkness begins to fade away—that is the time when everybody used to go out to see Aurora's wonderful team. The air is cool and bracing, and a gentle breeze is blowing down from the mountains. Chilly? Wrap your cloak about your shoulders, for you will not have to wait long. A moment ago you could hardly see your hand before you. Now, see! Faint rays of light begin to appear low down in the east. Be

still, it is Aurora bringing out her chariot! And soon the whole sky is lit up with a soft, mellow light. It is the radiance streaming from Aurora's smiling face!

Do you see those long, narrow clouds floating lazily at some distance above the horizon? Aurora is putting up her bars. At first they are dark, but they change color rapidly. Now they are a mottled gray with streaks of tawny brown; now they are variegated with spots of crimson and patches of purple and gold. Here is one that has turned to a saffron-yellow, another has become a creamy white, and a third has melted into vapor and is rapidly dissolving into nothingness. Aurora's team is ready for the grand ascent.

You do not see them? How unfortunate!

But do you not see that flood of light that leaps up and surmounts the cloudy bars, and spreads itself out to right and left, and finally seems to lose itself in the blue sky dome above us? If your eyes had been sharper, you might have gotten a fair view of Aurora then, and of the horses Lampus and Phaëthon, and of the chariot.

But try again! Turn your eyes towards the mountains, and, while your heart is full of lofty



thoughts, look upward. See those bright points of light leaping from cliff to crag and from peak to snowy summit! See them as they rapidly descend, leaving behind them everywhere a trail of mellow glory! Ah, there they are—two horses of immense size and of a form so delicate and ethereal that they seem like clouds of sunbeams in the air, as they glide swiftly downward. Behind them floats a car of liquid light, not brilliant as with gems and fiery meteors, but shedding soft, iridescent rays through the air, and beautifying the earth and the sea. And in the car is Aurora herself, so majestic, so ethereal, and so like a vanishing cloud of light, that—

Ah, but the sun has risen, and horses, chariot, and fair driver have disappeared as though by magic—have melted away in the mists of the morning, and we shall see them no more.

People nowadays, even those who are early risers, have little thought for the high-jumping steeds Lampus and Phaëthon, although they have named a useful domestic article after one and a four-wheeled vehicle after the other. As regards their rosy-fingered mistress, ask the Man of Facts. "The phenomena of the dawn," he will tell you, "are but the results of the reflection and

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the refraction of the solar beams from the atmosphere and from suspended nebulous vapor of varying density, previous to the appearance of the solar luminary above the visible horizon."

### SELENE'S SILVER-GRAYS

"That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water."—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

THERE were never but two of them,—although some men say there were four,—graceful, gentle, obedient, silver-gray. Next to the fiery steeds that drew the sun car, they were the swiftest horses that the world has ever looked upon. But nobody remembers their names.

Selene—pronounce it in three syllables, please—Selene was the sister of Helios, and, like him, she was a charioteer whose duty and destiny it was to carry light to the people of the earth. Whenever her brother descended with his sun car into the watery west, and night came on apace, it was expected of her to come out and guide the moon along the pathway of the skies. Had her horses been a little swifter, and had she always been at-

tentive to business, the earth would never have been left in total darkness. But the gentle steeds which she drove were somewhat slower than the mettlesome team that drew the golden car of the sun, and hence, do all that she would, she could not help losing an hour every day. Then there were times when she failed to appear at all, while at other times she made so late a start that she might almost as well have stayed at home. She could seldom be depended upon, and her fickleness was so well known that it became a proverb.

Men said that she spent much of the time in hunting. Her chariot was of silver, beautifully wrought, and it was engraved all over with hunting scenes and with pictures of coursing hounds and fleeing deer, of armed huntsmen and timid beasts, and of cool forest shades and flowery meadows and rugged mountain slopes. The horses, you may well believe, were of such rare grace and exceeding beauty that when they soared aloft in the early hours of the evening, they presented a picture of delight such as we rarely see nowadays.

In fact, they were admired much more than their fiery cousins that drew the sun chariot, perhaps because they were gentler and did not dazzle

the eyes so much. But, even in those olden times, it was not everybody that could see them, and only children and poets and lovers had keen enough eyesight to behold their queenly mistress as she stood erect in the car with the silvery reins in her hands. She was very tall, white-armed, and flaxen-haired; and she wore a golden diadem upon her head, and long white wings grew from between her shoulders. Leaning by her side were the bow and arrows which she used in the chase; and hanging upon her arm was the great round moon shield, from which a silvery light was shed upon all the earth beneath.

Once, while hunting in a grove, she saw a young man called Endymion lying asleep upon the ground, and she thought him so beautiful that she wished to have him always within her sight. And hence she bound poppies about his head so that he might never waken, and carried him to the top of old Mount Latmus, where she laid him upon a bed of mosses in such a position that the light from her moon shield would kiss his lips while she was driving her chariot through the sky. And there Endymion lay for ages, never growing old, but asleep and knowing nothing of the honor that had been awarded him. But

finally, when the Man of Facts came and relieved fair Selene of her moon shield and sent it revolving alone around the earth, it was found that Endymion had disappeared, but how or when nobody could ever tell.

The white steeds of Selene now no longer journey through the sky, and neither children, nor lovers, nor poets have seen their queenly mistress for many a year. But I must believe that rare old Ben Jonson saw her and her chariot some three centuries ago. Otherwise he would not have addressed this little poem to her, calling her by her favorite name, Cynthia: -

Queen and huntress chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep;  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep.  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heav'n to clear when day did close.  
Bless us then with wishèd sight,  
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short soever—  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright!

## DIOMED

"Strange food for horse! and yet, alas,  
It may be true, for flesh is grass."—*Hudibras*.

A JOLLY fellow, in his way, was old Diomed of Bistonia, and crafty beyond all other men of his time. Just how and when he had become the chief ruler of his native town nobody knew and nobody cared to ask. But—whether through love or through fear, it matters not—his people seemed to be proud of him, and were ready to lend a hand to whatever enterprise he might undertake. The oftener he put his hands into the public treasury and drew out the funds for his own private use, the louder would the heavily taxed citizens shout, "Hurrah for Diomed, the people's friend!" And whenever he walked along the streets for an airing, or drove his team of fleet coursers around the park, the women and

children would run after him, screaming, "Long life to our own good Diomed!" And yet, all this time, he was taking the food from their mouths and the clothing from their backs to provide for his own selfish enjoyments. Although they did not have elections in those days, it happened, every now and then, that Diomed would want some special favor from his people, and at such times he would have a smile and a good word and a hearty handshake for everybody; and everybody would go home feeling very good, and cheering for Diomed and saying, "What a grand fellow he is!"

There were in Bistonia, at that time, a number of peaceable, industrious Strangers, who had come hither from beyond the sea because they had heard that it was a new place, where work was plenty and wages were good. These men cared but little for Diomed, so long as he would allow them to live quietly and follow each his own trade; and hence, while the Bistonians spent much of their time in running after the great man, the Strangers remained in their little shops attending to their own business. As they were seldom idle, and lived frugally, and spent nothing in torchlight processions in honor of Diomed,

they could afford to work for small pay, and were all the time laying up something to carry back with them to their own country. All this, of course, made Diomed very angry.

"Do you see how these Strangers are robbing you?" he cried to the rabble that was hooting at his heels one day. "Do you see how they underbid you at your labor, and how they are hoarding up Bistonian gold to carry back to their benighted land? No wonder your children are crying for bread. It seems to me that Bistonia ought to be for the Bistonians!"

"Hear! hear!" cried his delighted followers. "Bistonia for the Bistonians!"

"Down with the Strangers!" shouted others. And the whole populace followed Diomed to the very doors of his palace, repeating the cry, "Bistonia for the Bistonians!"

In the rear of the mansion which the great man had built and beautified with the toil of his subjects were his stables and a large private park, all inclosed by a very high wall. Here he kept his horses—a wonderful collection of chariot steeds and fast racers, the best in the world; and none of the Bistonians was so well fed or so carefully housed as they. The most famous among all



these animals were two wild mares—Dinos the marvel, and Lampon the brilliant—which Diomed's herdsman had captured when mere colts on the grassy plains of northern Thrace. White as snow when it glistens in the sunlight, clean-limbed, fearless, alert,—it was strange that such savage natures should lurk in forms so fair. But these mares could never be tamed, and only Diomed himself dared to venture into their stalls or lay hands upon them. Men said that they were tigers which had taken upon themselves the shape of horses; for they were not only wild and fierce, but bloodthirsty. They would leave their barley and clover untouched if a freshly killed animal was offered to them; and it had finally become one of Diomed's favorite amusements to see them kill their own game. Dogs, deer, and other beasts, small and large, were turned loose into the great cage-like stable to become the food of the savage creatures. The mares had even killed and eaten several of their keepers, and men who were not afraid to twitch the beards of untamed lions shrank back appalled when invited to stroke the velvet nose of Dinos or of Lampon.

On the evening after the great demonstration against the Strangers Diomed sat in his chamber in consultation with his prime minister. The

question between them was what to do with the Strangers.

"They are plainly of no use in Bistonia," said Diomed, "and our people demand that they shall be put out of the way. It will cost something to dispose of them; but then many of them are quite wealthy, and all their goods must become mine, to pay me for the trouble they have given me. The only question is, What shall we do with them?"

"If you will allow me," said the Prime Minister, "I will tell you what I once heard read from a book. It seems that in the reign of the great King Busiris a host of these same profitless Strangers invaded Egypt, and were robbing the poor Egyptians, just as these men are now taking away the substance of the Bistonians. King Busiris disposed of them in such a way as to kill two birds, nay, three, with the same stone. He sent forth a decree that they should be sacrificed to the bulls and cats that are the gods of the shrewd Egyptians, and by so doing he gained great renown among his people, he provided food for his favorite animals, and he filled his treasury with the spoils. Do you see?"

"Capital!" cried Diomed. "And the decree which I send forth is this: That every Stranger

found, after this day and hour, within the borders of Bistonia shall be sacrificed to my wild mares Dinos and Lampon."

Of all the Strangers in Bistonia only one escaped. Secreting himself on a ship that was just ready to sail, he was carried safely beyond the reach of Diomed, and was finally landed in his own country. There he reported how all his fellow Strangers had fallen victims to the cruelty of Diomed, and had become food for the fierce man-eating mares; and he gave a vivid picture of the manner in which the crafty old tyrant had thrown them, struggling, into the iron mangers or penned them up in the massive stable where the beasts were turned loose upon them. Of course the whole world was stirred with indignation, and a good many plans were talked of for avenging the luckless Strangers.

It so happened that the great hero Hercules was at that time just in the midst of the tasks which he had undertaken for the purifying of the world from evil. He had slain the Nemean lion and the Lernean hydra; had captured the Ceryneian stag and the Erymanthian boar; had cleansed the Augean stables, frightened the Stympalian birds, and led the Cretan bull

through the streets of Mycenæ. He now readily undertook the task of drubbing old Diomed, and of putting his man-eating mares where they would never do any more harm. At the head, therefore, of a little army of heroes, he sailed straight for Bistonia, landed upon the coast, and demanded satisfaction for the manner in which the Strangers had been treated. Of course the Bistonians resisted and a great battle was fought, in which Hercules won the day. Old Diomed was taken prisoner, and there was but one thing to do with him—feed him to his own animals. It was a fitting punishment for one so cruel and merciless.

Hercules, who had already had so much excellent practice in capturing wild beasts, had no trouble in leading the fierce mares from their bloody stable and in carrying them with him to Mycenæ. There, had he been so minded, he might have become the Barnum of his age and set up the greatest menagerie on earth. But he preferred, after exhibiting the mares for a few days, to turn them loose in the mountain forests of Thessaly. I have heard it said that they were devoured there by wild beasts, but I think it an unlikely story.

## PHAETON

BY C. P. CRANCH

**B**EFORE Copernicus and others proved  
The Sun stood still, and 't was the Earth that  
moved,

Phœbus Apollo, as all freshmen know,  
Was the Sun's coachman. This was long ago.  
Across the sky from east to west all day  
He drove, but took no passengers or pay.  
A splendid team it was; and there was none  
But he could drive this chariot of the Sun.  
The world was safe so long as in his hand  
He held the reins and kept supreme command.

But Phœbus had a wild, conceited son,  
A rash and lively youth, named Phaeton,  
Who used to watch his father mount his car  
And whirl through space like a great shooting-star;  
And thought what fun 't would be, could he contrive  
Some day to mount that car and take a drive!

The mischief of it was, Apollo loved  
The boy so well that once his heart was moved

"SO PHAETON LEAPED UP AND GRASPED THE REINS."





To promise him whatever he might ask.  
 He never thought how hard would be the task  
 To keep his word. So, one day, Phaeton  
 Said to his sire, "I 'd like to drive your Sun—  
 That is, myself—dear sir, excuse the pun,—  
 Twelve hours through space. You know you  
     promised once  
 Whatever I might ask."

"I was a dunce,"

Apollo said. "My foolish love for you,  
 I fear, my son, that I shall sadly rue.  
 Lend you my chariot? No;—I really can't.  
 Is n't there something else that I can grant  
 Instead of this? A serious thing 't would be  
 To have my horses run away, you see.  
 You might bring ruin on the earth and sky,  
 And I 'm responsible, you know,—yes, I.  
 Try something else. Here 's a great wheel of light,  
 The moon—a bicycle—almost as bright  
 As my sun-chariot. Get astride of this,  
 And move your legs, and you 'll enjoy a bliss  
 Of motion through the clouds almost as great  
 As if you rode like me in royal state.  
 No, my dear boy,—why, can't you understand?  
 I dare not trust you with my four-in-hand."

"I have no taste for bicycles," the boy  
 Replied. "That thing is but an idle toy.  
 My genius is for horses, and I long  
 To try my hand at yours. They 're not so strong



But I can hold them. I know all their tricks.  
Father, you swore it by the River Styx,—  
You know you did,—and you are in a fix.  
You can't retract. Besides, you need n't fear.  
You 'll see I am a skilful charioteer.  
I 've taken lessons of a man of worth,—  
A first-rate driver down there on the earth."  
"I see," said Phoebus, "that I can't go back  
Upon my promise. Well, then, clear the track!"

So Phaeton leaped up and grasped the reins.  
His anxious father took a deal of pains  
To teach him how to hold them,—how to keep  
The broad highway,—how dangerous and steep  
It was; and how to avoid the moon and stars,  
Keep clear of Jupiter, the Earth, and Mars—  
And dodge the asteroids and comets red;  
Follow the zodiac turnpike, straight ahead,  
Though clouds and thunder-storms should round him  
spread.

Alas! 't was all in vain. A little while—  
Two hours, perhaps—his fortune seemed to smile;  
When a huge meteor, whizzing through the sky,  
Alarmed the horses, who began to shy,  
And shake their fiery manes; then plunged and  
reared,  
And whirled him zigzag downward, till they neared  
The Earth. A conflagration spread below,  
And everything seemed burning up like tow

In the Sun's flames. Then Jupiter looked down  
And saw the Earth like toast, all turning brown,  
And threw a blazing thunder-bolt (but wait—  
Here in parenthesis I 'd like to state  
This may have been a telegram; for then  
Lightning despatches were not known to men,  
But only used by heathen gods) which struck  
The youth; and by the greatest piece of luck  
Prevented further loss.

This tale they told

In olden times. If I might be so bold  
As to suggest an explanation here  
Of a phenomenon by no means clear,  
I 'd say those spots upon the Sun's red face  
Were bruises that he got in that mad race.

## THE CRANE'S GRATITUDE

*(A bit of Greek Folk-lore.)*

BY MARY E. MITCHELL

HERACLEA sat at her door, her baby on her knee. Before her, at the foot of the hill-slope, lay Athens the Beautiful, the Violet-crowned. Beyond the low, flat roofs of the city rose and fell the many-tinted waters of the Gulf, sparkling in the happy light of day. Warm breezes scented with wild thyme lifted the dark tresses of the mother's hair and fanned the little one's cheek.

But Heraclea's heart was heavy. The battle of life had been hard since Callias left her, twelve weary months ago. Phorion was a wee baby when the fever had carried off his father and left the still youthful mother with three children to keep from hunger. Heraclea did not often find an idle moment in which to sit, as she was sitting now, a lazy part of the sleepy noonday world.

As she sang to her baby boy a shadow fell across Heraclea's sunny doorway. A tall, handsome man was coming up the little foot-path with that leisurely carriage which characterized the Athenian of the better class. A flush came to Heraclea's cheek as she recognized the new-comer. It was the wealthy and noble citizen Euclemion to whom she was in debt, and a quick little anger stole into her gentle heart as he gave her a kindly but patronizing greeting. She remembered the past if he did not. Callias had once done Euclemion a great service, so great that in the warmth of the moment Euclemion had said that no favor could be too great in return. Yet when Callias had fallen upon ill times and gone to his friend for help, Euclemion had lent him money, it is true, but at a high rate of interest, and he had said nothing of his former gratitude. Callias had concealed his hurt, but Heraclea never forgot it. The home in Athens was given up, the little house on the hillside taken, and the debt gradually paid. The once warm friends stood only in the relation of debtor and creditor. Then came Callias's death, and Heraclea, helpless in her poverty, had humbled her pride and borrowed once more from Euclemion.

Heraclea laid her boy softly in the shoe-shaped osier cradle and greeted her guest with a dignity worthy of a Greek matron. He refused to be seated, saying that his chariot awaited below.

Little Phorion, roused by the voices, stretched and sat up in his cradle.

"That 's a fine boy of yours, Heraclea!" exclaimed the visitor. "What is to become of him?"

The mother snatched the baby in her arms. "I know not, oh, I know not!" she cried. "Nay, mother's little one, my red carnation, do not grieve," she continued, as Phorion began to whimper.

"Heraclea, I came to-day to speak of the debt; the time for the interest is at hand, but I have changed my mind. In a twelvemonth give me that boy and I will forgive you the obligation, yes, and more; I will pay you a sum over and above," said Euclemion.

"Give you my Phorion!" cried Heraclea. "Give you my baby! Have you not a tiny one of your own? Surely you have enough children to bless your hearth."

Euclemion smiled, a little scornfully.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I have children enough to bless my hearth. My youngest is but

a sixmonths-old. In a few years this boy will be of the right age to—to tend him. He shall grow up with him and serve him.”

The truth, with all its brutality, broke upon the mother. She remembered now; she had heard of debts being canceled in that way, with the sanction of the law. Gently putting Phorion on the ground she rose to her full height.

“And so you, *you*, Callias’s friend, come for his child as your *slave*!”

“And why not, Heraclea? You cannot feed these great children much longer. It will be many a day before your other boy Glaucon can help you; especially if you let him keep at the schools instead of putting him to work in the fields or shops. I will give you the year in which to decide; when it is ended the debt must be paid in good coin or—Phorion. Let this thought grow in your mind.”

“The debt shall be paid,” said Heraclea. “I will work night and day. The gods will help me. As for selling my child to be a slave, I will tell you, Euclemion, I would rather see him laid by his father in the tomb yonder.”

But Euclemion only smiled as he turned and went down the slope.

"Mother, Mother!" cried a fresh voice, that of Glaucon, and two strong arms were thrown about her, as she stood with her face in her hands. "What is it? and why has that man troubled you?"

It was a lithe young figure which held her and the thick black curls brushed her cheek, so tall was her big boy.

"No, no, my Glaucon, I am not troubled; he is but an evil dream that vexed me. Now it is passed. I will think of him no more."

"I hate him," thought Glaucon.

"Mother," he said aloud, as they stood, their arms entwined, while little Phorion on the ground called lustily for attention, "why do you not let me go to work? I am big and strong."

Heraclea smiled down at her boy as she took his slender hands in her own.

"The gods have given you a great gift, my son. Some day my Glaucon will be a famous sculptor; we must keep these hands for their true work. Meantime learn all you can."

As the little group stood in the sunshine a flutter and whirl overhead drew their eyes upward. For a number of years a couple of cranes had been accustomed to feed in the garden of the







"THE CRANE, PUTTING OUT HIS LONG BILL, DROPPED SOMETHING INTO HER LAP."

house, welcome and fortunate guests. Now, there was a great commotion about the wall, a hurried flapping of wings and hoarse cries of distress. Suddenly, one of the cranes fell, a fluttering white heap, directly at Heraclea's feet. She stooped and touched it with a gentle hand.

"Nay, Master Crane, it is a friend; do not glare so fiercely. See, Glaucon, its leg is broken; oh, it is cruel, poor bird." So together they worked until a splint had been bound about the fracture and the hurt was soon healed.

Time went on; the golden summer days passed and the air was tinged with the chill of approaching winter. The big birds as usual took their flight to their southern home.

When the Spring returned it brought no awakening gladness to Heraclea. To be sure, little Phorion waxed strong again; he was able to play out once more in the warm sunshine; the color crept into his wan little cheeks and the sweet curves came back to his dimpled limbs. But his mother's heart was agonizing over the thought which had grown to a dreadful certainty. She no longer could hide the truth from herself. There was no possibility of her paying anything toward the debt.

One day Heraclea told Glaucon the fate which was hanging over them. The boy's grief and anger were piteous to see.

"It cannot be, Mother!" he cried. "Our Phorion! Euclemion is a wicked man. Can nothing be done?"

Heraclea shook her head. "It is within the law, my son."

Then Glaucon, with a look which sat strangely on his boyish face, declared that he would offer himself in Phorion's place; that he would bury all his hopes in slavery that the little lad might grow up in freedom.

"Did ever mother have such a son?" thought Heraclea proudly; but she only said, as she put her arms about him and looked into his clear, true eyes:

"Nay, my Glaucon, you are your father's eldest son and the head of the home. It is as the gods have willed. The luck has departed from the house; even the cranes have not returned to us."

It was a warm spring afternoon a week later, and Heraclea sat once more at her door.

A soft stirring and fluttering overhead roused her for a moment.

"The cranes have returned," she said to herself. "It is too late. What good fortune can they bring?" and she put her face down to her lap and burst into sobs. A slight touch on her shoulder brought her back to the present and she raised her head. A great white bird stood by her side.

"Master Crane!" she cried. "Why, Master Crane! Did no one welcome you back, poor bird? Oh, it is a sad house to which you come, Master Crane."

The crane maintained his solemn and unruffled dignity as Heraclea stroked the glossy neck. Then, putting out his long bill, he dropped something into her lap, and with a sudden whirl was off to his nest. Heraclea looked in astonishment. "The pretty red glass!" she exclaimed aloud. "To think of Master Crane's bringing a gift. Let no one say that a bird does not have a grateful heart."

A little stone lay in her hand like a crimson drop. She fingered it curiously, and entering the house she laid it carefully on a shelf.

Glaucon came in before long, sad and tired, but with a look of resolve on his young face.

"Mother," he said, and hesitated. "Mother, I

have found work in the market. To-morrow I leave the school."

Heraclea's heart rebelled within her, but she said nothing. She would not make the sacrifice harder for her good boy. So she only kissed his cheek and laid her hand softly on the dark curls. Then, to divert his attention, she told him of the crane's gift.

"Is that it upon the shelf?" cried Glaucon. "Why, Mother, in the dark corner it shines like a lamp. One could almost see by its light." Heraclea looked in astonishment; a red glow illumined the shadows in which it lay.

"What can it be?" she exclaimed. "Is it the work of demons?"

Glaucon took the little stone between his thumb and finger and carried it to the light. It was glowing like a drop of rich red wine.

"Old Cleon the goldsmith is wise in such matters," he said. "I will go and bring him," and before his mother could remonstrate the boy was off and down the hill.

Glaucon forgot his tired limbs as he sped over the slope to Athens.

Old Cleon was in his shop. He growled a bit at the long walk on the wild goose chase of a

boy's notion, but he was fond of the bright-faced, willing lad who had more than once done him a favor, and, leaving his stall in the care of his apprentice, he bade Glaucon lead on.

Heraclea received Cleon as a distinguished guest. Chloris brought water for his tired feet and simple refreshments of bread and fruit. Heraclea put the crane's gift into his hand. A change came over the rough face. The eyes under the shaggy brows lighted up with a glance so keen that it seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the little crystal. For some time he said nothing; he tapped and weighed the tiny stone and held it up, peering at it in all lights. Then he turned to Heraclea:

"I know not how you came by this," he said, "but there is none such in all Athens. If it is yours, you are favored of the gods. Never but once have I handled such a ruby."

THE sun rose brightly on the little house the next morning. Heraclea and Glaucon had been too happy to sleep. Phorion was theirs, and peace and prosperity and Glaucon's future were secure. It was almost too much joy to come at once: Ah, the blessed crane!

## DÆDALUS AND ICARUS

BY C. L. B.

**W**HENEVER any one tells us not to soar too high lest we burn our wings and fall into the sea, we may know that he is referring to the old Greek myth about Dædalus and his son Icarus.

Dædalus is said to have sprung from a race of kings and to have been a great artist, artisan, and mechanic. The Greeks gave him the credit for having invented the saw, the ax, the plumb-line, the gimlet, and glue. According to the myth, he also amused people by making statues that moved like human beings.

Now at this time Minos was king of Crete and his grandson Minos II made a boast that he could obtain anything he prayed for. To prove it, he prayed Neptune to send him a bull for sacrifice. When the bull came, it was so beautiful in appearance that Minos thought it would be a pity to kill it, and he secretly put it with his own animals and substituted another for the sacrifice to the god. This so displeased Neptune that he caused the

bull to run wild. It was a terror to the kingdom until Hercules subdued it and rode it away over the waves to Greece. Before it went it had a horrible offspring called the Minotaur, which also roamed the island wild for many a day. Dædalus, being at the court of Minos, constructed a labyrinth for the Minotaur which had so many windings and turnings that the beast could not find his way out but lived in it fed by human victims—seven youths and seven maidens being sent every year from Athens for the purpose.

But Dædalus, in spite of his cleverness at making things, could not always keep the good-will of the rulers to whose courts he was welcomed. He so enraged King Minos that he had him imprisoned in the very labyrinth he had planned. Dædalus set his wits to work, and presently fitted himself and his son Icarus with a pair of wings each, made of feathers stuck together with wax and worked by wires. With the aid of these the prisoners poised themselves in air and started to fly across the Mediterranean. Dædalus told Icarus not to fly too near to the sun, and at first all went well. Dædalus kept near the surface of the water, and reached shore safe and sound; but the son was more aspiring and soared so high



that the wax was melted in the sun, and he fell into the sea and was drowned. The water where he fell was afterward called the Icarian Sea, and the reckless flight of Icarus has served ever since to illustrate the danger of being too ambitious.

. . . with melting wax and loosened strings  
Sunk hapless Icarus on unfaithful wings;  
Headlong he rushed through the affrighted air,  
With limbs distorted and dishevelled hair;  
His scattered plumage danced upon the wave,  
And sorrowing Nereids decked his watery grave;  
O'er his pale corse their pearly sea-flowers shed,  
And strewn with crimson moss his marble bed;  
Struck in their coral towers the passing bell,  
And wide in ocean tolled his echoing knell.

*Darwin*

There was an interesting sequel to this sad event for Father Dædalus. When he finally reached Sicily, he was kindly received by the king and there built a temple to Apollo. In it he hung up his wings as an offering to the god. When old King Minos heard where Dædalus was, he started out after him with a great fleet, in order to kill him. But the daughter of the Sicilian king, conspiring to save him, scalded Minos when he was bathing, and Dædalus was saved.



"HEADLONG HE RUSHED THROUGH THE AFFRIGHTED AIR"



## CLASSIC MYTHS

BY C. L. B.

**T**HE classic myths are the poetic narratives of the birth, life, and actions of the old heathen gods and heroes.

Wise men and scholars have spent their lives in trying to find out where these wonderful stories first came from, and different men have given different explanations. Of course no one believes the stories of the gods and goddesses now-a-days, nor has any one believed in them for hundreds of years. Yet, at one time, the foremost nations of the earth, the Greeks and the Romans, not only believed the stories but worshiped the gods and made sacrifices to them. It is because the stories are so beautiful, and because so many painters, sculptors, and writers, both then and ever since, have used them for subjects, that to-day we are interested in them and must know about them if we are to understand what we read, and see, and hear.

The scholars who have studied to find out how these myths began, have not agreed entirely about it, but many think that in the early ages, before there were any separate nations and before the most elementary facts of science were known, people looked at the things they saw and heard very differently than we do to-day. As they looked about them and saw the sun, and the moon, and the rivers, and the clouds, they viewed them with wonder, and were apt to talk about them in a poetic way that would be strange to us. Every boy and girl now knows that the earth revolves around the sun, and how the clouds are formed from vapor. We say that the sun rises or sets, and think very little about it. But to these early people the sun was a great curiosity. They thought of it as a great being and gave it a name like a person (Phœbus). They thought of the rivers and clouds as persons having lives like themselves, as seeing and feeling and doing as they chose. Thinking of the sun as a person, instead of saying, as we would, that the dawn comes before sunrise, they would speak of the sun as loving the dawn or morning and longing to overtake her.

We speak of the clouds which scud along the

sky, but they called the clouds the sheep or cows of the sun which the children of the morning were driving to their pastures in the blue fields of heaven.

But as ages went by and they began to think of the names of these objects as separate beings, it finally came to pass that instead of saying, as before, "The sun loves the dawn," they would say, "Phœbus loves Daphne," and that they would think of them as divine beings, forgetting the way they began to have the names. At last they believed in them as gods, and came to worship them. It took many generations for this to come about, and no one can tell just where one myth ended and another began, nor when it all first began to be understood by the people as a great religion. It took place gradually in the beautiful southern land, where the people who live there to-day, even, love to lounge about and dream of poetical things. Do you wish you had lived in those days when the world was young and looked so strange and mysterious to the beauty-loving people? Perhaps it would be just as well not to make up your mind all at once, but it will be worth thinking of as you read more about it. We have many good things now of which they

knew nothing in those days. We have books, and printing, and telegraphs, and telephones; steamships, and railroads, and a thousand other wonders of which those primitive people could not even dream. Yet let us not say too quickly, either, that we prefer our own day. There must be something to be said on the other side when a great and good man like Mr. Gladstone said he would rather have lived in the age of Homer than in any other age. And Homer is the poet in whose works we learn the most that we know of this heathen religion. I suppose Mr. Gladstone would not have exchanged his religion for a heathen mythology, although he studied mythology thoroughly and brought out much that was fine and good in it, but there must have been something about that old Greek life which was worth while and which we would do well to imitate. At any rate, it was a calmer and more peaceful life; it was, perhaps, more heroic and beautiful; it was nearer to nature, and the people strove for fine athletic bodies and cultured minds, before money or trade. They would rather do, or make, or think a beautiful thing than to outdo their neighbors in getting rich.

We have spoken of the classic myths as being

so beautiful that they have inspired all the writers, poets, sculptors, and painters to use them. But some of you may have heard the stories of Prometheus or Tantalus and thought them horrible rather than beautiful. This is true, although if we go back far enough we generally find a good or noble action to balance the cruel one. And these cruel stories came about in the same way as the other ones—from looking at Nature as though her forces were people like themselves. The story of Tantalus, which seems coarse and horrible, came about naturally enough. People noticed the effects of the hot sun and dry weather and said at first that the sun, when he glared too fiercely, killed the fruits which his warmth was ripening. But when they had forgotten the natural forces and substituted the names, they spoke of King Tantalus, who killed and roasted his own child, and set him on the banquet table of the gods.

So we could go on and trace nearly all the stories to some natural forces working on the active southern fancies of those early races. Some of the forces were regarded as friendly to man, some as hostile, and in this way again the idea of gods may have crept in, for they strove to



appease the wrath of the hostile forces, such as storms and winds, and to win the favor of the friendly ones.

The Greeks were certainly the first to develop all these fancies into a religion, but later on the Romans, after they had been in contact with the Greeks for many years, became converted to it and adopted it. Thus the Greek god Zeus became the Roman god Jupiter, and so on. We learn the most that we know about their ideas of their gods from their poets—Homer, whom we have already mentioned, Virgil, Ovid, Pindar, and others.

The gods of heaven, as the Greeks thought of them, were a great family who dwelt on Mt. Olympus. Some one has noticed that their lives were in many ways very much as might be those of any company of rich people, freed from care and in search of pleasure. For they were human in outward appearance, although they far surpassed man both in beauty and strength. They had supernatural attributes, but with some restrictions. Thus they could fly through space at great speed and could see anywhere they wished without going there, and hear what was said in another city, but still could not be

in two places at once. They were obliged to eat, and drink, and sleep, but they could go without food or sleep much longer than mortals, and their food was different. They were served with nectar to eat and their drink was ambrosia. They might be born in the morning and be full grown and doing heroic deeds before night.

But the most important difference between gods and men was that the gods never grew old, but remained ever young and beautiful. Compared with men who had pain and sickness, they were a happy race indeed, and lived at their ease. They were not perfect in every way, for they had many traits of character that led them into troubles. They felt sorry at separations, jealousies sprung up, and they had many painful sensations. Their amusements led them into unhappiness, too, and they pursued all kinds of sport with ardor, loved to hunt and travel, were fond of feasts and dancing and many other diversions.

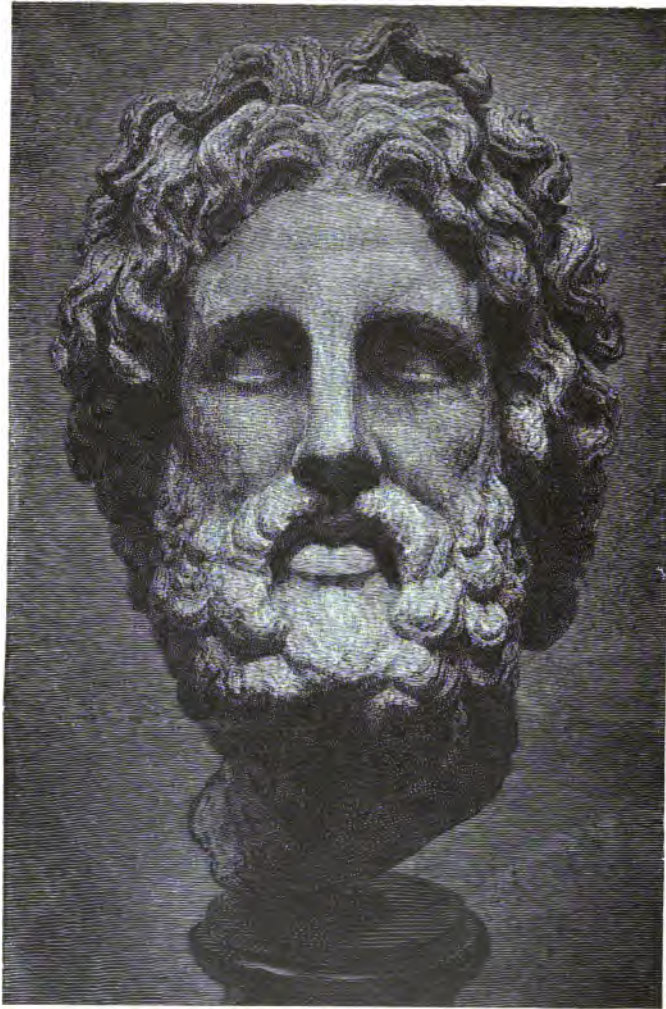
Their minds were stronger than humans' and they were better morally than men, and punished the evil that men did in various ways. Zeus, or Jupiter (for the gods are better known by their

Latin names than the Greek), held his court in a great hall where the gods feasted each day. A gate of clouds kept by goddesses, the Hours or Seasons, opened to allow them to go in and out. They discussed the affairs of earth while Apollo (Phoebus) made music on his lyre and the Muses sang. They had their separate dwellings where they slept at night.

It is related that before the gods of heaven reached this blissful state on Olympus they had many fierce wars with other gods for the empire of the universe. For there were many enemies, such as the gods of the sea and the water, the gods of the earth, and the gods of the lower world. There was also a race of demi-gods or heroes, beings of matchless worth, partly gods and partly men, and these we read constantly about because of their importance in art and literature. Many of the gods of the sea, the earth, and the under world came into intimate contact with men's affairs and so were more ardently worshiped and propitiated than even the gods of Olympus.

But the gods of Olympus were known as the great gods. The following ten are the ones which we meet most frequently in art and in literature:





HEAD OF ZEUS FROM MELOS. BRITISH MUSEUM.

Greek name	Roman name	
Zeus	Jupiter	the father
Hera	Juno	his sister and wife
Athene	Minerva	} his children
Ares	Mars	
Hephestes	Vulcan	
Phœbus	Apollo	
Artemis	Diana	
Aphrodite	Venus	
Hermes	Mercury	
Hestia	Vesta	

Jupiter (Zeus or Jove), the father and king of the gods and men, was worshiped as the ruler and preserver of the universe. He ordered the alternation of day and night and the changes of the seasons. The world was his footstool: he could make the winds to blow, the rains to come and go. He watched over the administration of justice in the world and protected kings in their palaces. He demanded honesty among men, punished wrong and cruelty, and even the poorest could call upon his power. As he sat upon his throne he had numerous attendants, servants, and messengers to do his will. As messenger and agent between heaven and earth, he had both his son Mercury and the golden-winged Iris. Her name denoted the many-colored rainbow, with its span like a

bridge from earth to heaven. In person, Jupiter was of majestic figure with flowing locks. He is usually represented with his scepter of thunderbolts in one hand, a statue of Victory in the other, and his eagle near by.

To illustrate the kindly side of his rule upon the earth, there is the story of Philemon and Baucis. They were an aged couple of the poorer class, living peacefully and full of piety in their cottage in Phrygia, when Jupiter, disguised as a poor and weary traveler, paid them a visit. Bidding him welcome to the house, they set about preparing a meal for him and for Mercury, the usual companion of his earth journeys. The poor couple were about to kill for the repast their only goose, when Jupiter, seeing their genuine hospitality, disclosed himself to them in order to prevent the needless sacrifice. He then transformed their humble cottage into a splendid temple and installed the aged pair as his priest and priestess. When he had demanded of them what they would have, they had only asked that they might die together in his service, and this modest request he also granted. When death took them away they became two trees that grew side by side—an oak and a linden.

Some of the adventures of Jupiter do not lack a taint of human weakness, and the affairs of earth in which he took part did not always turn out exactly as he wished. His favorite heroes were sometimes killed in the wars and his love affairs led to many complications.

But his worship by the people was none the less sincere. Great games, both Greek and Roman, were given in his honor, beautiful temples were consecrated to his name, and many sacrifices were offered him. The sacrifice most acceptable was that of a hundred oxen, called a hecatomb. Among trees the oak and the olive were sacred to him and among birds the eagle. Many statues were made to represent him, the most famous that by Phidias at Olympia. The figure was seated upon a lofty throne and was more than forty feet high. It was made of gold and ivory, or more probably of wood covered or overlaid with gold and ivory. Phidias diffused a lofty majesty over the countenance and truly represented him not only as ruler but as a kindly father and dispenser of good. So splendid was the statue as a work of art and so well pleased was Jupiter with it that he caused a flash of lightning to descend through the roof of the temple as a sign of his favor. This sublime



masterpiece was reckoned as one of the seven wonders of the world and continued in existence for over eight hundred years.

Juno (or Hera), the sister and wife of Jupiter, was what we might call the female power of the heavens. She was the goddess of the air and of marriage, and won the affections of Jupiter by her great beauty. At their wedding a tree of golden apples grew up and streams of ambrosia flowed by their couch. But the meetings of this divine pair often resulted in quarrels and wrangling. The poets, most of all Homer, seem to lay the blame to Juno, describing her as frequently jealous and quarrelsome, her character as proud and cold, and not free from bitterness. Once we are told that Jupiter actually beat her. At another time, when she was plotting against Hercules, whom she hated, it is said that Jupiter attached two great weights, the earth and the sea, to her feet and hung her out of Olympus.

But she is always represented as virtuous and true, and probably Jupiter gave her much cause to worry over his actions. Her favorite companions were the Graces and the Seasons. The peacock and the cuckoo, heralds of spring, were sacred to her. The springtime festival was cele-

brated in her honor. The ceremony was an imitation of a wedding, a figure of the goddess being decked out in bridal attire and placed upon a couch of willow branches, while wreaths and garlands were scattered about.

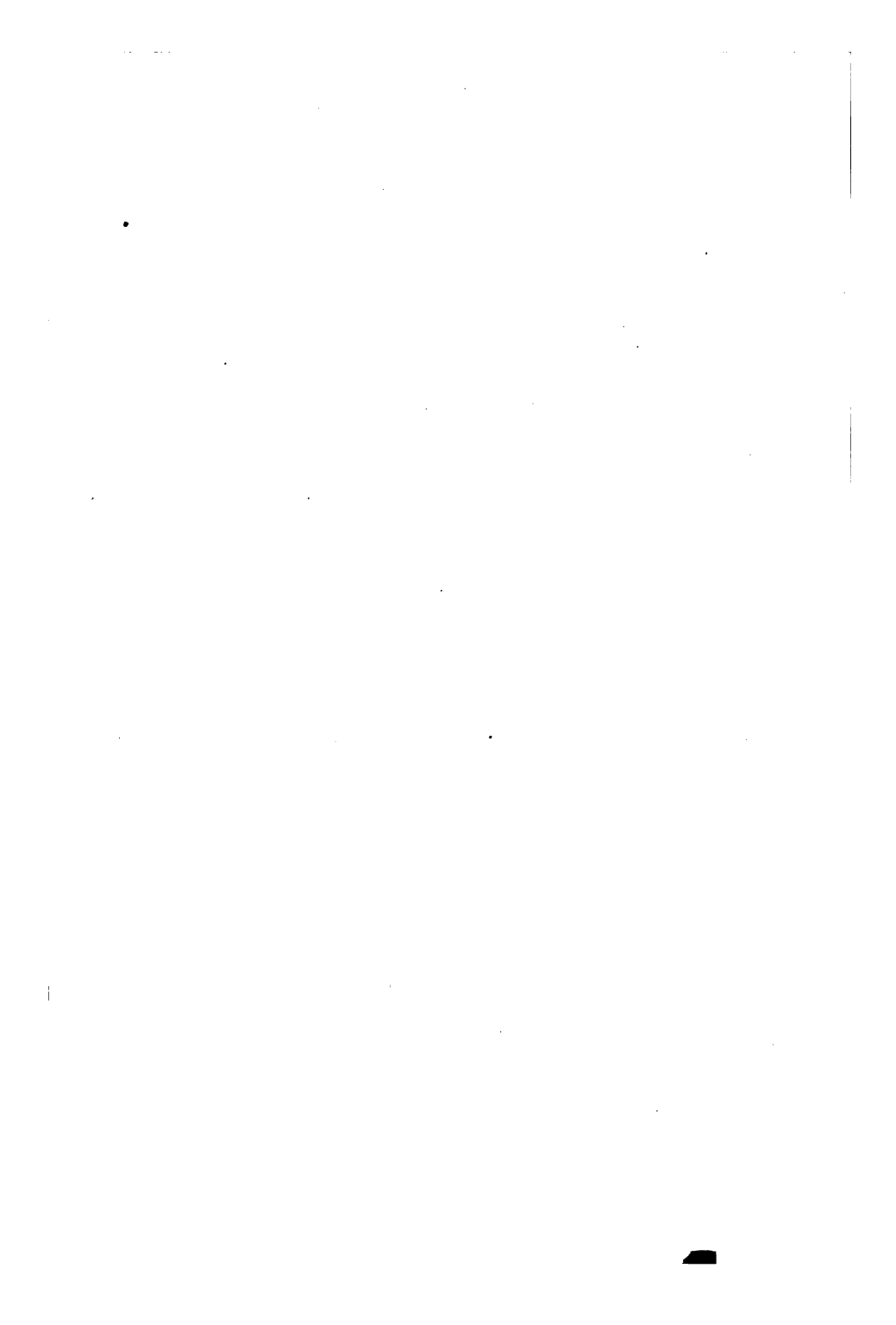
Juno was ever worshiped as the ideal of womanly virtues. Many temples were erected to her honor, and her divine office as mother of gods entitled her to the greatest respect.

Minerva (or Pallas Athene) is best known as the goddess of wisdom. She was the daughter of Jupiter, and the story of her birth is that she sprang full grown and armed from his head. Minerva, on account of her wisdom, was of great assistance to Jupiter and frequently sat at his side and helped him to dispose of the affairs of heaven and earth. In times of peace she was the instructress of the world in wisdom, the arts, and handicrafts. She invented the spindle and loom, the rake and the plow, and had much to do with perfecting the practice of medicine. In times of war she was goddess of war, but it appears it was defensive warfare that she championed. As war-goddess she usually wears the helmet, shield, and spear.

Minerva never married, rejecting the offers of

all her wooers. She fought on the side of Jupiter in his war with the Titans and giants, and became the patroness of all those heroes who fought against evil men and monsters. She was the constant companion of Hercules in his toilsome adventures, and helped to protect the Argonauts in their quest of the Golden Fleece.

Her most important shrine was the Parthenon. Indeed, the whole land of Greece was her special property. Here she was more honored than any other goddess, and to Athens, the capital, she had given her own name. The most sacred emblem of her presence was the olive-tree on the Acropolis. Jupiter had decreed that whoever should create the most useful present should have the sovereignty of Greece. Neptune, in the contest, created the horse; but Minerva, with superior wisdom, created the olive-tree, and the prize was given to her, for the olive-tree formed the chief wealth of the country. The story is told that when Athens was threatened by the Persian army, Minerva besought Jupiter to prevent the fall of the city. This was not to be, and Athens was burned by the Persians. But when the sacred olive-tree was burned, a fresh shoot sprang from the stalk, a token that the city was to be





HEAD FROM THE TEMPLE OF HERA, NEAR ARGOS

rebuilt, as it was, more beautiful than ever before.

Mars (or Ares) was the son of Jupiter and Juno, and, although not worshiped in Greece as extensively as most of the great gods of heaven, he was ardently worshiped in Rome. He is best known as god of war. He delighted in the din of battle and never wearied of strife and slaughter. Clad in brazen armor from head to foot with waving plume, helmet, and spear, his bull's-hide over his left arm, he ranged the field of battle and destroyed all before him. His usual attendants and servants are Fear and Terror, and some writers add Discord, Alarm, and Dread.

One reason for the great veneration in which Mars was held in Rome was the belief that he was the father of Romulus and Remus. The mother of these two children was condemned to be buried alive, and they were left naked and exposed to the elements. But, being nourished by a she-wolf, they grew up to be strong and healthy. Romulus founded the city of Rome and was its first king. No wonder that Mars was worshiped by the Romans as the most important of all the gods except Jupiter.

There is a story that once, when King Numa raised his hands in prayer to Jove asking his blessing on the infant state of Rome, the god, as a mark of favor, let fall from heaven an oblong brazen shield. At the same time a voice was heard saying that Rome should endure as long as the shield should be preserved. Numa, who recognized the shield as that of Mars, ordered that it be kept forever sacred. He caused artists to make eleven other shields exactly like the one that fell from heaven, and instituted a great college for their care. March was the month sacred to Mars, because at this time spring triumphs over winter, and in the month of March the festival of Mars was held at which these sacred shields were carried in great processions, and amidst war-dances and rejoicings the people cried, "Mars, watch over us!"

The ancient artists represent Mars as a powerful young man with curly hair, and his usual attributes are the helmet, the shield, and the spear. Although not as devoted to family life as many of the gods, he was the father of Cupid, and the little love-god is usually represented playing about his knees.

Vulcan (or Hephæstus) was the son of Jupiter

and Juno and the god of the fire and the forge. Vulcan was not on very good terms with the other gods. It is said that when he was quite young Jupiter and Juno were engaged in one of their quarrels, when Vulcan strenuously took the part of his mother. For this Jupiter lifted him up and flung him down from Olympus.

From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,  
On Lemnos, th' Ægean isle.

Finding himself on the island of Lemnos, much lamed from his fall, he had no way but to remain there and recover. The half-civilized people attended him carefully, but it was many years before he could get away.

Another story is that it was Juno instead of Jupiter who cast Vulcan out of heaven, and that she did it because she was ashamed of his stature and lameness. In this story he does not land on Lemnos but in the sea, and there he was tenderly cared for by the sea-gods. While here he fashioned a golden throne with invisible bonds and presented it to Juno, in order to regain her favor.



Juno joyfully accepted it, but as soon as she sat upon it she found that she was held fast, and even Jupiter could not release her. When Vulcan had obtained her forgiveness she was released and after that they agreed better.

Vulcan is accredited with having been the creator of the first mortal woman, Pandora, but all the gods contributed something to this creation. Pandora was given a precious box which she was forbidden to open, but, overcome by curiosity to know what it contained, she one day lifted the cover and looked in. Forthwith escaped a multitude of plagues for hapless man—gout, rheumatism, and colic for his body; envy, spite, and revenge for his mind: and these things scattered themselves far and wide. As Pandora hastily shut the lid, one thing only remained in the casket—*hope*.

Vulcan, presiding over the forge, made many useful things. He forged the shield of Achilles, he made the chariot of the sun, the trident of Neptune, and implements and tools of all kinds useful to man. His workmen and companions were artists, and he is specially revered by artists and artisans. As god of fire, his aid was sought against conflagrations and his worship

was very general. He was represented as a powerful bearded man, his lameness being indicated by the shortness of his left leg. His attributes were the tools of the smith, the workman's cap, and the short apron or garment of the craftsman.

Apollo (or Appollon) was the glorious god of light, not only of the sun, but of everything beautiful and noble. He was the son of Jupiter and Latona, and he suffered from the jealousy of Juno. His name, Phœbus Apollo, indicates his character. But physical light is an emblem of inner light,—the light of knowledge, truth, and purity. The rays of the sun were called his arrows, and he was spoken of as far-darting Apollo. Each new moon was a festival of Apollo. His power was noticed as soon as people stepped out of the house, for the houses of the Greeks were dark and provided with only small openings for windows.

The famous statue of Apollo, called the Belvedere, represents the god as very beautiful. To this Byron alludes in *Childe Harold*:

The Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.

The fight referred to was the famous slaying of the terrible Python, a serpent that trailed in the slime of swamps and killed many. In this we detect the allegory of the sun drying up by its heat the deadly malarial marshes.

There are many beautiful stories about the adventures of Apollo. One day he saw Cupid playing with bow and arrows. Elated by his recent victory over the Python, Apollo said to Cupid that such weapons were not much in comparison with his own. Cupid replied, "Your arrows may strike all things else, Apollo, but mine shall strike you." So saying, he took two arrows from his quiver, one to excite love, the other to repel it. With one he struck Apollo through the heart, with the other Daphne. Apollo immediately loved her, but she was seized with a strong aversion toward him. He pursued her over hill and dale until it was evident he was gaining ground. Then Daphne prayed to be changed into a tree. Scarcely was the prayer uttered when stiffness seized her limbs, her bosom was inclosed in tender bark, her feet stuck fast in the ground, and her face became as a tree-top. Apollo stood amazed, saying, "I will wear you for my crown and, as eter-

nal youth is mine, you shall be ever green, and your leaf know no decay." So the nymph was changed into a laurel-tree.

I espouse thee for my tree :  
Be thou the prize of honor and renown ;  
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown ;  
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,  
And, after poets, be by victor worn.

OVID.

Another story of Apollo relates to the death of Hyacinthus, a beautiful youth whom he visited. They were engaged in a game of quoits, when one of Apollo's quoits, guided aside by a jealous enemy, struck the boy and threw him to the ground. Apollo could not save his life, but there where he died grew up clusters of flowers that ever since have been called hyacinths.

The legend of Apollo's sojourn among the Hyperboreans was founded on the yearly variation of the sun. As the sun bends to the northward in winter, so it was believed that in winter Apollo went to dwell with the Hyperboreans, a pious people resembling the early races of men. There was never a cloud in their sky, and Apollo lived with them as a father with his children. There,

his mother and sister with him, he spent three months each winter, returning in the spring to Delphi.

Delphi was the most important place for the worship of Apollo, and there a gorgeous temple was consecrated to his worship. Its wealth from offerings became so great that their value was computed at more than ten million dollars. His shrine at Delos was little less renowned. The whole island was sacred to Apollo, and both here and at Delphi games were held in his honor.

Apollo always retains a youthful appearance and is always beardless. His figure is strong and handsome, his face majestic but cheerfully serene. His attributes were the bow, arrows and quiver, and the laurel crown and lyre.

Diana (or Artemis), twin sister of Apollo and daughter of Jupiter and Latona, was the symbol of the moon and night, as Apollo was originally of the sun and day. She was believed to range at nights through forest, mountain, and valley, with nymphs of the springs and groves in her train, she herself excelling them all in beauty and stature. She was worshiped at springs and near rivers as the patroness of music and goddess of fertility. As the light of the moon is an em-

blem of purity, Diana was thought of as a fair, fresh maiden. As a huntress she became guardian of wild animals in the woods and fields. She guards, as Browning says:

Every feathered mother's callow brood,  
And all that love green haunts and loneliness.

While very young Diana sought and obtained from her father permission to always remain single, but in spite of her usual coldness and indifference there are several stories that show how her heart was sometimes touched.

Endymion was a beautiful youth who fed his flocks on a mountain side. One clear night as Diana, the Moon, looked down she saw him sleeping.

How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies.

FLETCHER.

She thought him so very beautiful that she stepped from her golden car out of the low-hung moon and watched over him while he slept. To Endymion it was only a vision, but she came again and again, and so he came to watch for her in his


sleep. Diana took care of his flocks while he rested, and guarded his lambs from wild beasts. Jupiter granted to Endymion perpetual youth together with perpetual sleep, and Diana carried him away to a cave in the mountains where she continued to love him. He has been a favorite subject for poets and sculptors.

Another story that is told of Diana is her encounter with Actæon. There was a valley thickly inclosed with cypresses and pines which was sacred to Diana. In the extremity of it was a cave where the goddess used to come when weary with hunting to bathe in the sparkling water. Now Actæon, a son of King Cadmus, was fond of hunting the stag, and one day at noon, while resting from the hunt, he wandered from his companions. Led by his evil destiny, he came to the pool where Diana was bathing. Indignant at being thus surprised she dashed the water into his face, saying, "Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Diana bathing." Immediately a branching pair of horns grew out of his head, his neck became longer, his ears grew sharp-pointed, his hands became feet, and in short he was changed into a stag, except that he retained his consciousness as a man. As he

bounded off through the forest, alas! he saw that his own pack was on his trail, and though he could not speak, he knew that he would be torn to pieces, for nothing less than this would satisfy chaste Diana.

Many statues and paintings were made of Diana, the chaste huntress, and many great temples were erected for her worship.

Venus (or Aphrodite), goddess of love and beauty, is represented as the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, but is said by some to have arisen from the foam of the sea and to have first touched land on the island of Cyprus, which was ever after held sacred to her. Wafted by the western wind she floated upon the island like a dream. The goddesses of the seasons were there to welcome her, and as she stepped upon the shore plants and flowers rose newly from the soil, budded and blossomed. Her beauty conquered every heart, and even the wild beasts were quieted and played about her like lambs. With numerous attendants she went to high Olympus, where she was received with the greatest favor. All the gods wanted her for a wife, and throughout her life her beauty was the cause of many adventures. Mars was most fa-





vored by her, and the beautiful Cupid was their son.

Cupid, unlike most of the gods, did not grow up but remained the mischievous rosy child we so often see pictured. At times, however, he is represented as a slender youth just verging on manhood, and it is thus we see him in the adventure with Psyche. Psyche was the daughter of a prince of the island of Crete and was possessed of such great beauty that she was admired even more than Venus. In order to be revenged upon her, Venus sent Cupid to punish her by causing her to fall in love with some horrid monster. Whomever Cupid pierced with one of his arrows was doomed to fall in love, and obedient to his mother's command he started on his mission. He

Had still no thought but to do all her will  
Nor cared to think if it were good or ill:  
So, beautiful and pitiless, he went.

Stealthily he entered the palace and reached the chamber where Psyche was sleeping, but when he saw her, instead of wishing to harm her, he fell in love with her.

In the meantime Psyche's father had been ad-



*A reduced copy in marble of the chryselephantine statue of Athena Parthenos by Phidias*

ATHENE OR MINERVA



vised by an oracle to dress his daughter in mourning garments and carry her to the top of a precipice where she should become the wife of a winged dragon. Some accounts say that he prepared to carry this out, while others say that Psyche herself, feeling the displeasure of Venus, because of the love of Cupid, went there to jump into the unknown. As soon as she was alone upon the lofty rock a cloud came along and, wafted by a zephyr, carried her far away to a beautiful castle. Here, as night came, she was again visited by Cupid, but as it was dark she could not see him. He warned her that she must not ask his name or all their joy would come to an end. For a long time she was faithful to the injunction, and night after night he came to stay at the castle and they loved each other very truly. But once when Psyche's sisters came to visit her they could not restrain their curiosity and wished to know who the mysterious lover was. Some say they persuaded Psyche that he must be a monster if he would not allow himself to be seen. They finally persuaded her to steal to his couch with a lamp, and so startled was she to see that it was Cupid that she let fall a drop of the hot

oil upon his naked shoulder. Cupid awoke and bitterly rebuked her for her disobedience, and flying away through the window exclaimed:

“Farewell! There is no Love except with Faith,  
And thine is dead! Farewell! I come no more!”

Poor Psyche was grief-stricken and wandered about the earth forlornly, asking all whom she met if they had seen Cupid. Finally she reached the palace of Venus herself, who imposed the labors of a slave upon her, all of which Psyche patiently bore. At last she demanded that Psyche go to Hades, the realm of shades, and fetch back a casket of ointment from Prosperine. Even this the penitent Psyche undertook, but on her way back she opened the casket and was stricken down by the terrible fumes that arose from it.

Through all her labors and sorrows Cupid had been secretly at her side, and when he saw this final catastrophe he could endure it no longer. He bent lovingly over her, brought her back to life with a kiss, and then carrying her to Olympus demanded of all the deities that he be allowed to marry her. Even Venus was then forced to forgive her rival, and welcomed the blushing bride to the happy realms.

One of the many, many events in the life of Venus was the Judgment of Paris. At a wedding to which all had been invited except Discord, she, enraged at her exclusion, threw a golden apple among the guests, with the inscription, "For the fairest." Thereupon Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. Not willing to give a decision himself, Jupiter sent them all to Mount Ida, where Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, was to be the judge. Juno promised him great wealth and power, Minerva promised him glory and renown in war, and Venus promised him the fairest of women for a wife, each hoping thus to gain the decision. Paris decided in favor of Venus. As Helen of Troy was considered the fairest of mortal women, Venus set out to bring about the match as she had promised, and this was the cause of the Trojan war.

As a subject for artists, Venus, the most beautiful of goddesses, naturally occupies a leading place. To give expression to the most perfect beauty arrayed in all the charms of love is a continual spur to artists. The Venus of Milo, now in the Louvre, and the Venus formerly in the Villa Medici at Rome are the best known statues.

The worship of Venus was wide-spread. Her birth from the sea endeared her to sailors, and she was regarded as goddess of spring as well as of love and beauty, and her festival was celebrated in April. The dove, the sparrow, and the dolphin, and among plants, the rose, the apple, the poppy, and the lime-tree, were sacred to her.

Mercury (or Hermes), the son of Jupiter and Maia, started in as the black sheep or bad boy of the celestial family. It is said that he was born during the darkness of night in a cave of the mountains and that he began his mischievous career that very same night. Slipping out of the cave where he was supposed to be soundly sleeping, he found a fine herd of cattle grazing. These cattle belonged to his brother Apollo, but Mercury decided to steal a number of them. After driving them to a cave and secreting them so that, the next day, Apollo could not find them, he went quietly back to his cradle. But some one had seen the escapade and informed Apollo, who forthwith dragged him to the throne of Jupiter for judgment and punishment. Mercury meantime had done another thing remarkable in a babe one day old. Seeing a tortoise, he had con-

ceived the idea of making holes in the edges of the shell and of forming a lyre by stretching strings across. This made a fine instrument, and when accused of his crime of stealing the cattle he began playing his lyre. This so pleased Jupiter that it did not look as though the punishment would be very severe, and when Mercury offered his lyre to Apollo, all was forgiven, and Mercury became a great favorite in heaven. Apollo became devoted to the lyre and to music, while Mercury, having invented a shepherd's pipe for himself, became the special god of shepherds and pastures.

Mercury, being chosen as a messenger to Jupiter, was necessarily trusted and used by him in all of his many adventures which he wished to keep secret from Juno.

He is usually represented as a beautiful youth with wings on his feet and on his cap, carrying a herald's staff and a purse. He was worshiped as the god of trade and as the god who presides over the bringing up of children. He was fleetest of runners, most skilful of boxers, and though not intellectual like Apollo, he had good common sense.

Vesta (or Hestia) is not mentioned often by



the poets and her name does not occur either in the Iliad or the Odyssey. Yet her worship was very general and she was one of the great goddesses of Olympia. She was the guardian angel of mankind, looked after the safety of the dwelling and was regarded as the goddess of the family hearth.

The hearth had a higher meaning among the ancients than it does with us. It was not only the place where the daily meals were prepared, but it was the family altar as well: there were placed the images of the special household gods, and there the father, who was also the priest of the family, offered sacrifices upon important family events. These household gods were the Lares and Penates, that is, the friendly guardians of the family. They loved the family and dwelt unseen upon the hearth.

The most ancient temple of Vesta, supposed to have been built by Numa Pompilius, was situated on the slope of the Palatine hill, opposite the Forum in Rome. It was built in a circle and was of moderate dimensions.

In this temple the eternal fire, the emblem of the state, which must be perpetual, was kept burning. Vesta would never marry, although

wooded by Apollo and other gods, and this service of keeping alive the eternal fire was therefore performed only by virgins, known as the vestal virgins. At first there were four, but afterward six. If the fire should become extinguished even for a moment, it was believed that terrible misfortunes would fall upon Rome. The service of a vestal was a severe but coveted ordeal, and the maidens were selected from the noblest Roman families at the age of from six to ten years and served for thirty years.

As the kindly protecting household goddess, the provider of daily bread and daily needs, and chaste and pure in character, Vesta was at every feast worshiped first of all the gods. From her altar all the other gods obtained their fires. As represented by artists her countenance is characterized by a thoughtful gravity of expression. Her principal attributes consist of the votive bowl, the torch, the small cup, and the scepter.









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